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Eldorado's Gold

By William H. Davies

IF I had Eldorado's gold,
How I would go it in this world:
My chair a buxom maiden's lap,
With her two lovely arms to strap
Me like a baby while she sings.
I'll lend my money unto kings,
And all the interest I will claim
Is that they knight my slaves by name—
No meaner beggars at my door.
Men shall not shave me any more:
I'll keep a girl for that, and she
Shall lather sitting on my knee,
And rub my chin with her soft palm,
Until I grunt to feel its charm.
My clothes of such fine stuff be wove
That I'll feel naked when I move.
Servants shall carry me to bed,
With holy awe, as I were dead.
My bed so blown that it will shake
With every little breath I take,
And float me into a soft slumber.
Another maiden, of my number,
Shall when I itch, with loving care,
Scratch me when I have told her where.
Dancers I'll have, and they will dart
Such burning glances into my heart,
As they like serpents writhe unheard,
That I'll sit charmed like any bird.

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No matter how the seasons fall,
I'll have my fruit; a berry small,
Not two full mouthfuls for a sparrow,
I'll pay gold for, and feel no sorrow;
I'll have the whole world searched to find
Such dainty things as cross my mind.
My meats, if boiling or a-roast,
Must travel to my nostrils first;
My soul must fatten on their smell,
Before I judge their richness well;
Not amber plates, or gold, shall cheat
My judgment on the things I eat.
I'll have the tongues of young birds rare—
No common bullock's tongue comes here;
With soup, with fish, with meat or cake,
I'll have a different wine to take.
Aye, and I'll oft enjoy a passion,
Break, beat and kick in glorious fashion—
Especially when the Pope has come
On king-kissed toes to me at home.
If fiddlers or vain tenors show
That jealousy they always know,
Or poets show their jealous itches—
I'll claw them well, the louse-bound wretches!
I'll scratch their skins with knives and thistles,
Drowning their mercy-cries with whistles.
My house shall be my church, and wines—
The very best—bring great divines
To take communion with me there.
My coach, in which I take the air,
Will, with its precious stones so bright,
Turn a fine summer's day to night.
Boxes I'll have, with many a string,
To catch the wind and make him sing;
When, windows up in summer hours,
I'm sitting in the midst of flowers.
The largest dog in all the land
Shall horse-like in my stable stand;
The smallest horse on earth shall be
My dog-like pet and follow me.
If I had Eldorado's gold,
How I would go it in this world!

The Bathers

By Gerald Cumberland

White gleam of flesh, and rose
Of smiling lips.
See how her pink-white toes
Each lady dips—

Dips and disturbs the green
Imprisoned sea,
Slipping her body in
So quietly.

Then, like a barque, she goes
Tenderly hence,
Her freight musk, nard, aloes
And frankincense.

Her hair, rippling her skin,
Makes cloth of gold,
With satin hiding in
Each secret fold.

Upturned to heav'n, a girl
Floats very near;
Twin breasts of glossy pearl
Make islands here.

Never had Nereid
More gracious ways,
Or sweeter beauty hid
From mortal gaze.

With tiredness such as have
    Moons of July,
She floats upon a wave
    Pale as the sky.

Now she her sisters seven
    Shyly embraces. . . .
The sea's a mirrored heaven
    Of warm, sweet faces.

The Pedlar

By Lady Margaret Sackville

I AM a merchant of strange wares;
  The market-places know me not:—
Yet with all laughing wayfarers,
  High and low, I cast my lot.
The last street that ever I trod
  Made my feet so ache—I swore
By Hermes, the wanderers' god,
  No town should ever see me more!
The wind rose, the rain came down,
  Little cared I for wind or rain—
There's not a door in any town
  Shall open to let me through again!

A fine way of life is mine!
  Golden fruits I have to eat,
And if for hunger I repine,
  My dreams fly forth and bring me meat.
I nothing lack for comradeship,
  Each man's dwelling is my home;
And a free berth on every ship
  That sails the seas of Christendom.
I have such treasures in my pack!
  Yet, I'll be poor when I am old—
For I'd sell the lot for a cup of sack
  Warm and red when the wind blows cold.

I was born in a green vale,
  In the far land of Arcady.
My mother carried the milking-pail,
  My father was never known to me.

Light-footed as a goat was I,
  Music pricked me like a goad,
I danced low and I danced high
  And out at last on the high road—
Come, ye muses, bring me aid,
  Teach me to sing as is most fit.
How merrily I ply my trade,
  And how all men should envy it!

To a Bird at Dawn

By Richard Le Gallienne

O BIRD that somewhere yonder sings,
  In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,
Lone in the hush of sleeping things,
  In some sky sanctuary withdrawn;
Your perfect song is too like pain,
And will not let me sleep again.

I think you must be more than bird,
  A little creature of soft wings,
Not yours this deep and thrilling word—
  Some morning planet 'tis that sings;
Surely from no small feathered throat
Wells that august, eternal note.

As some old language of the dead,
  In one resounding syllable,
Says Rome and Greece, and all is said—
  A simple word a child may spell;
So in your liquid note impearled
Sings the long epic of the world.

Unfathomed sweetness of your song,
  With ancient anguish at its core,
What womb of elemental wrong,
  With shudder unimagined, bore
Peace so divine—what hell hath trod,
This voice that softly talks with God!

All silence in one silver flower
  Of speech that speaks not, save as speaks
The moon in heaven, yet hath power
  To tell the soul the thing it seeks,
And pack, as by some wizard's art,
The whole within the finite part.

To you, sweet bird, one well might feign,
  With such authority you sing
So clear, yet so profound, a strain
  Into the simple ear of spring—
Some secret understanding given
Of the hid purposes of heaven.

And all my life until this day,
  And all my life until I die,
All joy and sorrow of the way,
  Seem calling yonder in the sky;
And there is something the song saith
That makes me unafraid of death.

Now the slow light fills all the trees,
  The world, before so still and strange,
With day's familiar presences,
  Back to its common self must change,
And little gossip shapes of song
The porches of the morning throng.

Not yours with such as these to vie
  That of the day's small business sing,
Voice of man's heart and of God's sky—
  But O you make so deep a thing
Of joy, I dare not think of pain
Until I hear you sing again.

To Anna Pávlova

Roundel Acrostic

By A. Tulloch Cull

Anna, among the flowers in Covent Garden
No flower shone half so fair as thee, and yet
No flower could help but bow her head and pardon
Anna among the flowers in Covent Garden.—

Passion-pale lilies on her breast were met,
And daisies fixed a wide-eyed rapt regard on
Violet-encircled eyes, that Sorrows fret,
Like flowers whose faces cold winds tire and harden.
Only one rose with jealous thorns thick set
Ventured to vex the Cerberus that kept guard on
Anna among the flowers in Covent Garden.

Jubilation in the Garden

By George Moore

"HIGHLY favoured, indeed, am I among authors," I said, pushing open the wicket; but before many turns had been taken up and down the greensward, I began to fear that my reading had been too particular. My heart sank at the prospect of the years I would have to spend in the National Library, for a knowledge of all the literature of the world was necessary for the writing of the article I had in my mind. Then with a rising heart I remembered that I could engage the services of some poor scholar—John Eglinton knew for certain many who had read everything without having learnt to make use of their learning. "My quickest way will be to lay the nose of one of these fellows on the scent; he will run it through many literatures, and with the results of his reading before me I shall be able to deal Catholicism such a blow as has not been dealt since the Reformation."

A light breeze rustled the lilacs, and I stood for a long time, forgetful of my idea, seeking within the long, pointed leaves for the blossom breaking into purple and white. It seemed to me that the tranquil little path under the bushes was just the one Pater would choose for philosophic meditation, but, feeling that the sunlight would beguile my mind into thought, I wandered round the garden, thinking, while noticing the changes that had come into it within the last few days. "The great ash by the garden gate seems to be making some progress; the catkins are gone, and in about three weeks the plumy foliage will be fluttering in the light breezes of the summer-time. The laburnum blossom is still enclosed in grey-green ears about the size of a caterpillar," I added, "with here and there a spot of yellow." And pondering on Nature's unending miracles, I walked under the hawthorns, stopping, of course, to admire the hard little leaves "like the medals that

Catholics wear," I said, on my way to the corner where the Solomon-seal flourishes year after year, and the blooms of the everlasting pea creep up the wall nine or ten feet, to the level of the street. Hard by is the rosemary, which should perfume the whole garden, but the smoke from Plunkett's chimney robs the flowers of their perfume. The little blossom freckling the dark green spiky foliage held me at gaze. Above the rosemary is thick ivy; it was clipped close a few years ago, but it is again swarming up the wall, and Gogarty, the arch-mocker, the author of all the jokes which enable us to live in Dublin—Gogarty, the author of the Limericks of the Golden Age, the youngest of my friends, full in the face, with a smile in his eyes and always a witticism on his lips, overflowing with quotation, called yesterday to ask me to send a man with a shears, saying, "Your ivy is threatening my slates." A survival of the Bardic age he is, reciting whole ballads to me when we go for walks; and when I tell him my great discovery he will say, "Sparrows and sweet peas are as incompatible as Literature and Dogma; and you will cut the ivy, won't you?"

And wandering across my greensward, I came to my apple-trees, now in bridal attire; "Not a petal yet fallen, but to-morrow or the day after the grass will be covered with them," I said. Gogarty told me yesterday how the poet rose early to see the daisy open. He describes himself "a-kneeling always till it unclosed was upon the softë, sweetë, smallë grass." But if he liked the grass so much, why did he love the daisy? For if sparrows and sweet-peas are incompatible, it may be said with equal truth that the daisy is the grass's natural enemy; and worse than daisies are dandelions. A few still remain, though poison was poured upon them last year. My flower-beds are a sad spectacle; wallflowers straggling—sad are they as Plunkett's beard. Sweet-peas once grew there; the first year a tall hedge sprung up, despite the College of Science; for the soil was almost virgin then, and it sent forth plenty of canterbury bells, columbine, poppies, and larkspur; but year by year my flowers have died, and the garden will now only grow a few lilies and pinks, carnations, larkspur, poppies. At that moment a smut fell across my knuckles, and, looking up, I saw a great black cloud issuing from

the chimney of the College of Science. "Isn't it a poor thing that all my flowers should die, so that a few students should be allowed the privilege of burning their eyelids for the sake of Ireland?"

My garden is but a rood, and the only beauty it can boast of is its grass and its apple-trees—one tree as large as a house, under whose boughs I might dine in the summertime were it not for the smuts from Plunkett's chimney. It is the biggest apple-tree in all Ireland, and a blackbird sings in it all the summertime. One of its great boughs is dying, and will have to be cut away lest it should poison the rest of the tree. My garden is but a rod, and following the walk round the square of "glad grass," I am back again in a few minutes, admiring tall bushes flourishing over the high wall, and, as if to greet me, the robin sings the little roundelay which he utters all the year—a saucy little bird that will take bread from my hand in winter, but now it is easy to see he is thinking of his mate, whose nest is in the great tangle of traveller's-joy that covers the southern wall, somewhere near the bush where a thrush is sitting on her eggs—not so bold a bird as the robin. My curiosity last year drove her from her eggs; and it will be well for me to walk the other way.

Now, which will my countrymen choose—Literature or Dogma?

It is difficult to think in a garden where amorous birds are going hither and thither, so amorous that one cannot but be interested in them. If one had to think about books, one would choose to think of Gogarty's extravagances, or Gogarty's remembrances of the poets; and these would be especially pleasant while a blackbird is singing the same rich lay which he sang by a lake's edge a thousand years ago. It delighted a certain hermit-poet, and one is grateful to him for having recorded his pleasure in the bird's song, and for the adjective which defines it, and to Kuno Meyer who discovered the old Irish poem and translated it.

My garden is an enchantment in the spring, and I sat bewitched by the sunlight and by my idea.

A man of letters goes into a garden with an idea; he and his idea spend happy days under apple-boughs in the sun; he plays with his idea as a mother with her child, chasing it about the lilac-bushes; sometimes the child cries

with rage, and the mother cannot pacify her baby, but, however naughty her baby may be, she never wearies; her patience is endless, and the patience of a man of letters is endless too. His idea becomes unmanageable, but he does not weary of it; and then his idea grows up, just like the child, passing from the blue smock and sash into knickerbockers, in other words into typewriting, and as every mother looks back upon the days of smocks and sashes, we authors look back upon the days when our ideas were meditated in a garden within hearing of amorous sparrows in the ivy, the soft coo—for it is nearly a coo—of the jackdaw as he passes to some disused chimney where he nests, the shrill of the starling, and the reiterated little rigmarole of the chaffinch. The swallows arrive in Dublin in the middle of May; they fly over my garden in the June evenings, and I continued to think of them coming hither over the sea—"like my thoughts," I said. And while listening to the breeze in the apple-boughs, my thoughts drifted unconsciously across the centuries to the beginning of Christian literature. "It began well," I said, "with the *Confessions* of that most sympathetic of saints, Augustine, who was not all theology, but began his life, and began it well, in free thought and free love; his mistress and his illegitimate child endear him to us, and the music of his prose—those beautiful pages when he and Monica, his mother, stand by a window overlooking the Tiber! We are all spirit while we read the flight of his soul and Monica's Godward, each sentence lifting them a little higher till he and she seem to dissolve before our eyes in white rapture.

I have read that Augustine owed something of the ecstasy of his style to the Alexandrian mystics—and this is not unlikely, for he came from Africa and saw the end of paganism and the beginning of Christianity. . . . He was Julian's contemporary, a thing which never struck anybody before. Augustine and Julian—how wonderful! Landor should have thought of the learned twain as a subject for dialogue, or Shakespeare might have taken Julian for hero. The ascetic Emperor was a subject for him . . . but I am thinking casually. Shakespeare could not have done much with Julian. So perhaps it is well that one day the sudden interruption of his secretary, Ben Jonson, jerked his

thoughts away from Julian, leaving the Emperor for Ibsen —two rather clumsy dramas, *Emperor and Galilean*, containing, however, many splendid scenes. But there was more in Julian than the bleak Norwegian could understand, and Ibsen does little more than follow the bare outline that history gave him, including, of course, the story of the old priest sitting on the steps of a fallen temple with a goose in his lap—the only trace of ancient worship that the Emperor could discover in the countries he passed through while leading his army against the Persians.

Were Gogarty here he would tell me the verses in which Swinburne includes the Emperor's last words; unable to remember them, I loitered, amused by the paraphrase of the lines from the *Hymn to Proserpine* that the circumstance of the moment had put into my head:

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galileo, the world has moved on since thy death,
We cared hardly tuppence for Leo, and on Pius we waste not our breath."

"The last line is weak," I said—"so weak that I must ask Gogarty to alter it, but I like 'The world has moved on since thy death.'"

I should like Ibsen's Julian better if some reason for the Emperor's opposition to Christianity were given; a mere caprice for the ancient divinities is not sufficient for a philosopher who might have foreseen the Middle Ages. A vision for him would have been a procession of monks, and over against them the lights of the Renaissance beginning among the Tuscan hills. I should like him to have foreseen Borgia. But which would he have liked—Alexander or Cæsar? Neither. Their paganism was not at all of the kind that appealed to Julian, and the revival of Christianity with Luther at its head would have shocked him more than the gross materialism into which it had declined. He would have hated the Christian monk who said that every man likes a wife with rosy cheeks and white legs, which is true of every man except Julian, who chose for wife one whose age might be pleaded for his abstinence from her bed. Julian is one of Nature's perversities; none but Nature herself would have thought of setting up an ascetic mystic to oppose Christianity—a real believer, for he prayed at the ancient shrines, looking on the Gods not merely as symbols, like many of his predecessors, but as Divine entities.

But after his death the belief gained ground everywhere that the secret of life and death had been discovered in a monastery; and men no longer went to the academies of the arts, but into the wilderness; and there interpreted the fable according to their temperaments. Christianity was soon split up into sects, all at variance one with the other; texts which could not be explained by common sense were disputed by the theologians, till the founding of a town became less important than the meaning of a text: that one "he knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born Son," was the cause of much perplexity and comment, the opinions of the theologians being divided, many going farther than the strict letter of the text, averring that nothing had ever happened under the quilt in Galilee before or after the birth of the Saviour, Joseph being a virgin even as Mary. And battles were fought and many slain because men could not agree about the meaning of the word *filioque*. The world went clean mad about the new God just come over from Asia. They had been coming for some seven hundred years. The first, or one of the first, was Mithras, and he had obtained a very considerable following; none can say why he failed to capture Europe. He brought the Trinity with him, I think—certainly the sacraments, but he forgot the pathetic story of the Passion. Mark wrote it well, and his excellent narrative turned the scale. Mithras was many hundred years before Jesus, and he was succeeded by——my scholar would come in useful here. He would furnish me with a list of Gods, whereas the only names that come up in my mind at the moment are Adonis, Attis, Isis, Serapis; but there were many more. And as for religions—they came like locusts from the desert—Arians, Nestorians, Donatists, Manicheans. A century or a century and a half later the Mohammedans poured out of Arabia, crying, "Allah, Allah," all round Persia and Asia Minor, fighting their way along the North of Africa, crossing the Straits into Spain, getting through the Pyrenees and the South of France as far as Tours.

The French seem to have been especially created to save us from Asiatics; they defeated Attila at Châlon two hundred years later; his God would not have plagued us with theology; he was plain Mr. Booty. But if it had not been for the defeat of the Arabs at Tours we might have

all been Mohammedans, and the question arises whether the succeeding centuries would have been crueller under Allah than they were under Jesus. The Middle Ages were the cruellest of all the centuries, and the most ignorant. It would be difficult to choose between Byzantine mosaics and arabesques; literature disappeared after the death of Augustine. Catholicism claims the cathedrals; the claim is a valid one, and it claims Dante, born in 1265, the great anti-cleric, he who walks before men's eyes like a figure risen from a mediæval tomb, pedantic, cruel, unclean, like the Middle Ages, venting his hatred on Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, priests, and on his own countrymen, hating them with the hatred of his own Asiatic God. But Dante is likewise the tremulous lover. There is the poet of the *Vita Nuova* and the poet of *The Divine Comedy*. Landor reveals both to us. The first in a love-scene in a garden between Dante and Beatrice. The twain have wandered from some *fête* in progress, in the garden itself or in an adjacent house, to some quiet marble seat shaded by myrtles, and in this dialogue we see Dante pale and tremulous with passion, and Beatrice admonishing him with grave eyes and the wisdom of the seraphic doctor that Dante met in the *Paradiso*. One thinks of *Tristan* (the second act), when Beatrice begs her lover not to take her hands violently; she recognises him as heir to all eternity, and her mission to inspire him to write the poem which will outlast all other poems and make them and their love wander for ever among the generations. Not in this dialogue, but in another, Landor sets Petrarch and Boccaccio discoursing on their great contemporary—Petrarch only saw Dante once, Boccaccio never saw him, but they talk about him as if he were their contemporary. Landor does not seek to differentiate between Boccaccio's criticism of Dante and Petrarch's; ideas are impersonal, and every wise remark about Dante might have been uttered by either speaker. But would Petrarch have accepted the statement that less than a twentieth part of *The Divine Comedy* is good, as representing his own opinions? And would Boccaccio admit that he loved *The Divine Comedy* merely because it brings him happier dreams? It is Petrarch who says that the filthiness of some passages in *The Divine Comedy* would disgrace the drunkenest horse-dealer, and that the

names of such criminals are recorded by the poet as would be forgotten by the hangman in six months. A little later in the dialogue Boccaccio reminds Petrarch that the scenes from *The Inferno*, *The Purgatorio*, and *The Paradiso* are little more than pictures from the walls of churches turned into verse, and that in several of these we detect the cruelty, the satire, and the indecency of the Middle Ages. Yes, and Boccaccio adds that he does not see the necessity for three verses out of six of the third canto of *The Inferno*, and he does not hesitate to say that there are passages in which he cannot find his way, and where he suspects the poet could not show it to him. Petrarch answers quickly that Dante not only throws together the most opposite and distant characters, he even makes Jupiter and the Saviour the same person, and in a prose, lofty and hallowed, the Italian poets continue their ingenious fault-finding page after page, but neither doubts the justice of placing Dante higher than any of the Latin poets.

It is disappointing that I cannot remember to whom to attribute "They have less hair-cloth about them and smell less cloisterly, yet they are only choristers." It sounds more like Boccaccio than Petrarch, and this placing of Dante above the Latin poets endears one to Landor, for he loved the Latin poets and understood them very well. He was the last of the Latinists, and a great deal of himself must have found expression in Latin verse. It is likely that Horace would read Landor's verses with more indulgence than the verses of any other Latinist; Landor's refinement of feeling and sense of beauty would find abundant expression in his Latin. And Horace would relish Landor's wisdom. But is it sure—is it certain that Landor's wisdom would not seem oppressive at times? Wisdom estranges an author from his fellows, and in no writer does the intellect shine more clearly than in Landor. He was ruled by his intelligence; he did not like Dante instinctively; it was his intellect that enabled him to see what is beautiful in Dante—that which Dante owed to the Renaissance—and to forget the filth—that which Dante owed to the Middle Ages. As well as I remember, neither poet refers to Dante's anti-clericalism; its importance was overlooked by Landor; but Boccaccio and Petrarch would not have overlooked it; either might have approved or disapproved,

but one or the other would have mentioned it, and Petrarch might have had qualms for the faith of the next generation; he might have foreseen easily that the anti-clericalism of one generation would be followed by a pagan revival. And this is what happened. Borgia was on the throne, two hundred years later, and a reactionary priest was being told that everybody was prepared to admit in theory that Jesus was an interesting figure, but, for the moment, everybody was anxious to talk about a new torso that had been unearthed. But instead of running to see the Greek God, and contributing to the general enthusiasm by his praise of the pectoral muscles, Savonarola gathered a few disciples about him and told the people that a much greater discovery would have been some of the tree on which the Saviour hung. Of course, Borgia did not like signing the order for the burning of Savonarola and his monks, but he could not allow the Renaissance to be stopped, and if he had not intervened, the Renaissance would have stopped at Fra Angelico; Pinturicchio might have been allowed to continue his little religious anecdotes, but Mantegna would have been told that his vases and draperies harked back to the heathen, before Christ was, and as likely as not Botticelli's light-hearted women might have had tears painted into their eyes. The world had had enough of the Middle Ages, and the reaction was a Pope who loved his own daughter Lucretia, and ordered the murder of his own son. Or was it Cæsar who planned this murder? A wonderful day it was when he pursued the Pope's chamberlain into the Vatican and stabbed him to death in his father's arms, for such a deed attests, perhaps better than any argument, that men's thoughts had turned definitely from the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Earth had been swallowed up in theology for some eight or nine centuries, and it was the genius of the sixteenth century to disinter it, and to make merry in it without giving a thought to the superman—the silly vanity of a Christian gone wrong. In this re-arisen kingdom were all the arts, sculpture, painting, literature, and music, and with the discovery of America the world seemed indefinitely enlarged. A hint was in the air that the world moved. Borgia sat on the Papal chair; Cæsar his son might have succeeded him; and, with the genius of Italy, insurgent since 1265, behind him, it is not

unlikely that he would have triumphed where Napoleon, another Italian, one born out of due time, failed. Machiavelli tells us that Cæsar's plans were well laid and would not have miscarried, had it not been for a certain fatal accident, his eating of the poisoned meats at a banquet which Alexander had prepared for a dozen Cardinals, his enemies. Alexander ate, too, of these meats, and being an old man, succumbed to the poison; Cæsar recovered partially, and when he staggered convalescent from his bed, he was told that his father had been a fortnight in the tomb, and that a new Pope, entirely out of sympathy with the Renaissance, had been elected. Cæsar had to withdraw from Rome to Neppi, where he nearly died of a second attack—of what? Of Roman fever?—for I do not believe in the story of the poisoned meats. The French were on foot for Naples, and having nowhere to lay his head, he begged permission to return to Rome.

My gardener's rake ceased suddenly, and, opening my eyes, I saw him snail-hunting among the long blades of the irises.

It had been raining in the morning; he would get a good many; and my thoughts dropped back into a pleasant meditation regarding the nature of man and our lack of reverence for Cæsar, who represented, more than anyone who ever lived, the qualities that have enabled men to raise themselves above the lower animals. He was, I remember now, allowed to return to Rome; but no sooner was he there than it became plain to him that it would be useless to reassume the Cardinalate which he had abandoned. He had no chance of being elected to the Papacy, the late Pope having created many new Cardinals, all of whom were determined to oppose him. But Cæsar had influence among the Spanish Cardinals, and he promised their votes to Julius in exchange for the office of Standard-Bearer to the Church. Julius agreed, but Cæsar was deprived of the office, or perhaps it was never given to him. It seems a pity that Catholic history should be robbed of so picturesque an event as the accession of Cæsar to the Papacy, but the next best thing happened; another Renaissance Pope was elected, Julius the Second—a warrior-Pope who entered Merandola sword in hand, and gave Rome back to the

paganism of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, and Donatello.

These five great artists lived contemporaneously, and in a city called Florence, at that time not much bigger than Rathmines, every one of them as Pagan as Cæsar himself in their lives, and as Phidias in their art. Were Tonks here he would at once interrupt me, for he paints anecdotes; and, very anxious to defend his principles, he would say, "Explain yourself," and if I know him, he would ask why the art of Michael Angelo is as pagan as that of Phidias. My answer would be that *The Last Judgment* is not an anecdote, but merely a pretext for drawing, and that Michael Angelo chose it for the same reason as Phidias chose *Olympus*—because it gave him an opportunity of exhibiting man in all his attributes and perfections. In *The Holy Family* Raphael discovered a like opportunity; and to make the Fornarina seem more beautiful he placed a child in her arms and another against her knees. Leonardo was not less a pagan than Raphael; it was pagan mysticism that inspired *Our Lady of the Rocks* and *St. Anne*; and these pictures would certainly have been admired by the Apostate. "Thou hast not conquered, Galilean," he would have cried out when he raised his eyes to the great temple that Michael Angelo was building for the glory of a Roman Emperor. He would have believed in Tetzel who went along the road shaking his money-box, crying, "As your money falls into my till your soul will jump out of Hell," for he attached great importance to medals and amulets; but on meeting Luther he would have said, "Why, this is Christianity over again; St. Paul re-arisen." Julian hated St. Paul and wrote confuting his doctrines, and he would have written against Luther, who, ever since his visit to Rome, had been translating the Scriptures and praying that grace might be given to Rome to regain her lost Christianity—the very Christianity that Julian had striven against in the fourth century, a democratic Christianity, without a hierarchy, without external forms, in the heart, dear to Luther whose teaching was that, since Christ died on the Cross to save our souls, and left a Gospel for our guidance, it may be assumed that he left one which could be comprehended by everybody, otherwise he had died in vain. And everybody wondered

why he had not understood before that Christianity is a personal thing given into every man's own keeping, whereby he may save his own soul or lose it. "The priest comes between me and Christ," was the universal cry in North Germany; England followed Germany, and the spirit of the Reformation swept through Sweden, Norway, Holland. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, nearly went over to Protestantism, Henry IV. declaring that he would become a Catholic for the sake of Paris. The Papacy was in tragic times, two-thirds of Europe had slipped away from her, and to save the third that remained a Council assembled at Trent.

The shell has been cracked, and we are at the kernel of the argument, that hitherto everybody had gone his own way and thought very much as he pleased; but at Trent the Church drew a circle about faith and morals, prescribing speculation on the meaning of life and the conduct of life, and arranging the Catholic's journey from the cradle to the grave as carefully as any tour planned by that excellent firm Messrs. Cook and Sons. He who puts himself in the hands of this firm does not waste time speculating on the departure and the arrival of trains and steamboats. Edward knows that if he goes to confession his sins will be forgiven him; that if he misses Mass he is guilty of mortal sin; that if he loses his temper of venial sin. If he did not believe these things he would not be a Catholic. So there we are; and all this is as simple as Columbus's egg, but how strange that nobody should have seen before that Catholicism is an intellectual desert.

Old Hoskyns

By Richard Curle

As soon as his landlady's daughter had finished clearing away his supper, Old Hoskyns brought out the atlas and placed it on the table. (Everyone called him "Old Hoskyns" at the office, though he was only fifty-six—he much disliked it.) It had been his custom to do this for a good many years now. The action had indeed grown almost instinctive. But to-night, instead of at once sitting down and opening it as he usually did, he stared absent-mindedly before him for several seconds, and then slouched over to the window. The slush of a February evening made the street appear inexpressibly sordid. The reflection of the nearest lamp threw a sickly pallor over the gleaming mud. A few people strode shivering along the pavement only to disappear like ghosts in the desolate gloom of Beatrice Road. The sky was overcast with the suggestion of fog, and the lights in the mean little houses opposite were slightly blurred.

Old Hoskyns stood at the window for some time. Suddenly he made an impatient gesture. "What a repulsive night!" he muttered to himself, as if he had only just noticed it, and turning round he went back into the middle of the room. It was one of those furnished apartments which have attained a certain individuality from the prolonged tenancy of one person. Its only gas-jet gave forth the poorest of lights, and a shadowy vagueness half concealed the dowdy vulgarity of the chairs and the execrable oleographs upon the wall. All the same there was something distinctive and homely about the room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and, in the feebleness of the gas, its reflection danced visibly upon the ceiling. In one corner an eight-shelved bookcase showed up the image of the fire upon its glass front. The books within constituted old Hoskyns' library. They were entirely books of travel, beginning with complete sets of Hakluyt and Purchas in

thirty-two volumes, and ending with a book he had bought only last week by a man who had wandered into every country of the earth, from China to Peru, from Madagascar to the North Cape. A faint smell of tobacco permeated the room, and on the wide arm of a big chair drawn up against the grate there was a yellow can of tobacco, a box of matches, and a pipe. Upon the mantelpiece there rested a large photograph of Rio Harbour. Old Hoskyns stopped in front of this and examined it closely. All at once he became very agitated and began striding up and down the floor.

"Now, what really do I intend to do?" he said aloud. "To-morrow I ask Mr. Frank for a private interview. He'll think it's something about the accounts. He'll take me into his room; he'll say, 'Now, Hoskyns, what is it?'—I know him. That's when I've got to speak straight out. 'Mr. Frank, I have a great favour to ask of you. You are aware, sir, that I've been with you for thirty-seven years, and now, I thought—in fact, I have a favour to ask. It's like this, sir. Could you possibly let me leave you for a few months?' This is just where I mustn't lose my head—he'll begin looking at me in that way of his—I must go on at once. This is what I shall say: 'What I mean, sir, is a temporary absence without salary. If only you would consent to keep my place open. The reason I want this holiday, Mr. Frank, is that I may travel. I know this must seem strange to you, sir, but it's what I've longed for all my life. And I've been thinking lately that I'm not getting any younger and that if I don't do it now I shall never do it. Well, Mr. Frank, you will forgive my speaking of this to you, sir? I am sure you will not misunderstand me.' And what will he say, how will he take it? Everything depends on that."

Suddenly he halted again in front of the photograph of Rio Harbour.

"That's one of the spots," he thought; "every morning a mist rises from the water, and in the cool, delicious air men with little bells walk about the streets selling new bread. Did I dream this, or is it true? It's as if it were quite familiar. There are long spurs of hill behind the town, up which the trams run. There must be villas there surrounded by tropical gardens. At sunrise you can see from the balcony the three hundred and sixty-five islands

of the bay. Ships are moving in and out, and fishing boats, all leaning over, thread their course through the narrow passages. Life begins to wake, blue spirals of smoke reveal the dotted villas hidden amidst their gardens. Someone carries out coffee to you, and far away you hear the approaching cries of boys selling the early papers. And with the advancing heat of the day you leave the balcony. In the green recesses of the garden a pool of water is being fed by a running stream. A ray of sunlight strikes across the shadow of the bamboos, reveals the liquid depth of the pool, shows some curious fish hovering motionless half-way down like dragon-flies. A string of bubbles floats constantly to the surface and sails round and round. The tinkling water has the drowsy and pensive murmur of profound rest. Unperceived, sleep overtakes you. A deep stillness reigns in the warm twilight of the grove. Slowly the day drags on towards its zenith and through the breathless hours of the afternoon. At sundown you go out once more on to the balcony. A breeze is stealing up from the ocean, very distinctly you hear the trams clanging down the hill. Darkness begins to spread over the limpid air, one by one lights appear, stars shine out. The dim mountains point to the sky, a vast country lies behind you full of forests, swamps, wild animals. Yes, it's not like a dream to me, it's like something I know."

He went over to his bookshelf and drew out a pamphlet issued by a steamship company.

"Let me see," he ruminated; "one sails from Southampton by Royal Mail. Why, it's only a matter of a few weeks! If I go second class it won't really be much. I'll work it out."

Long ago he had ringed all the necessary figures, and now he made again the calculation which he had already made so often. He smiled.

"Now let's look at the map," he said, and, stepping across to the table, he seated himself in front of the atlas, and opened it at South America. His elbows on the cloth, and the fingers of his two hands meeting on his forehead, he sat there minute after minute, poring over the intricacies of rivers, towns, provinces.

"This is where I want to go," he said, "here and here and here; and then down to Buenos Aires and up the

western coast from Valparaiso to Panama. Then I cross the Isthmus and take a steamer to Jamaica, and from there to Cuba, and from there to Florida. I had better glance at that."

He began turning over the leaves. A double-paged map of the whole world on Mercator's projection caught his eye and he stopped.

"There are hundreds of places I shall never be able to see," he pondered. "My goodness, if only I had the money! I shall never get East, never see Siam, Celebes, Burmah, I shall never touch Arabia. What was it that fellow said about Kerbela? An hour before dawn holy men emerge on to the platform of their mosques to pray. Their high, thin voices are wafted over the desert, and far out in the clear silence of the night the travellers hear them and rejoice. What a glorious image! And as for me, I shall never experience it! If I had money I should study this map and I should say, 'What's that tiny island in the South of the Indian Ocean—Minicoy? I'm off there next week.' I should simply go everywhere, to the well-known places and to the queer, inaccessible ones. I should go to the Inland Sea of Japan, to the Afghan frontier, to Siberia in the spring, where you see the forests stretching green along the horizon of the Steppes, to Tasmania, to Tunis, to East Africa, to Tongareva, which lies in the South seas—here it is, just marked—to Nicaragua, to Chicago, to Canada in winter where an unbroken stillness envelops the frozen lakes, to Malabar, to Egypt; I should go everywhere, see everything. How I hate being poor; how I loathe this road, these rooms, the office, the people I am always meeting."

He shoved back his chair and rose up heavily. "Money!" he muttered in a low voice with his blind eyes fixed upon the pattern of the carpet.

He began once more to walk up and down.

"How long can I ask for?" he thought; "or should I not mention any time at first? Perhaps it would be wiser to let the idea sink in. It depends on how he takes it, of course. It's just possible he may understand. Suppose he gives me three months. I can't very well expect more. Then I shall go to Rio and stay there all the time. I've £180 in the bank. It won't allow of too much travelling.

Besides, one wants to get to know something about the place, to feel it in one. It's no good landing for a couple of days or so, that only tantalises. If I have six weeks there it'll be different. One can't live cheaply in Rio, all the books admit that."

The photograph on the mantelpiece again caught his eye. He remembered some words out of a pamphlet: "Travellers unite in presenting the palm for beauty to the prospect of Rio Harbour as witnessed from the hills above the city . . . a scene of romantic splendour unfolds itself." He nodded gravely as these words came into his mind, "a scene of romantic splendour," he echoed below his breath, "of romantic splendour," and walking across to the table, he closed his atlas and the steam-ship company's circular and replaced them on one of the shelves of his bookcase.

"Well, I must be getting to bed now," he said aloud; "I want to think over all this—no, I'll smoke a pipe first."

He sat down in the armchair and carefully filled the bowl, pressing in the tobacco with a stained, shaking finger. He lit it and, lying back, watched the smoke curling towards the ceiling.

"Yes, to-morrow decides all," he thought. The warmth of the fire gradually spread over him. He began to feel rosy and comfortable. "And no more 'Old Hoskyns' for me for some time," he mused. "Why, I'll be in the tropics!—what'll they think of me then? It'll be 'Mr. Hoskyns this, Mr. Hoskyns that,' if I know them. What a lot of idiots!" He gazed down at the glowing coals. The fantastic outline of a face seemed to rest there, and all at once to change into the figure of a three-legged animal with blazing eyes.

"I'm getting sleepy and no mistake," said Old Hoskyns to himself; "I'll just take one peep out of doors and then to bed."

He yawned, stretched his arms, and got up. Then going over to the door he opened it and made his way along the dark passage to the entrance of the house. Turning the handle, he stood upon the threshold of the pavement. A gust of icy wind made him shiver. The whole gas-lit length of the street stretched on either side with all the insignificant dreariness of a poor London suburb on a

winter night. Beatrice Road, that place of cheap lodgings, of starving respectability, of the hopeless underworld that absorbs the forgotten and the neglected, was plunged in silence. The futile despair of so many human failures had found its nightly release from the sorrows of a life of toil. In musty little back rooms they slept, the solitary, the vicious, the degraded, snoring loudly, their knees raised, their mouths open, uncared for, ridiculous, but freed for these hours at least from their own wretchedness. The idea of all these people flashed across old Hoskyns' brain.

"Some must be awake still," he thought, "lying there in the blackness to save candle-light—horrible people smelling of drink; withered, secret people without a friend in the world. And that's the class I belong to—what a fate!"

He closed the door and retraced his steps. Outside his room he found the candle which was always placed there for him. He climbed upstairs, weightily, laboriously, stopping every few steps to breathe. At length he gained his bedroom and entered. It was very small, with a sloping roof, and furnished in deal. He undressed, scrambled into bed, and blew out the candle. After a minute he sighed and turned over.

"This time to-morrow," he thought, "it'll all be settled one way or the other—bed's awfully cold to-night," and he drew his legs up under his chest.

Presently he fell asleep, and in his sleep he was conscious not so much of dreaming as of a curious sensation. He awoke, strangely moved. Day had not yet dawned.

"Was I asleep just now?" he asked himself. "Let me see, what was it? Yes, of course, about to-morrow. I've got to tell him quite straight out—yes, yes."

He lay there for a few minutes before dozing off again. He could hear it drizzling steadily outside. The step of a policeman passed underneath the window.

"Straight out—there you are, Mr. Frank," he mumbled. "Do you take my meaning, sir?—I've been your servant for a great many years, a—great—many—"

He said no more, for his eyes closed and he fell back into sleep.

When he awoke again it was time for him to rise. The day was such as the night before had been—cheerless,

cold, saturated with damp. He awaited breakfast, trying to warm his hands at the new-lit fire.

"How goes the enemy?" he remarked of a sudden in the middle of his meal, in a voice of forced gaiety; and he produced his watch.

"By Jove, I must be off!" he cried aloud; "here, Maggie, bring my boots!"

Three minutes later he had joined the throng of flabby-looking men in city clothes who were all hurrying along in one direction. Old Hoskyns avoided entering into conversation with any of them, though he knew the majority from long years of travelling to and fro in the same compartments and of walking along the same half-mile of pavement. And he had exchanged the same remarks with some of them for years, remarks that even on the first occasion had been without a grain of interest. He had always despised these men at heart, but latterly it had changed into hatred. Despicable slaves! *He* knew them —Smith the cashier to a firm of rice merchants; Belling, a bookkeeper in a publisher's office; that silly ass Bransdon, who had something to do with a patent medicine; Tilsden the bank clerk, and the rest—all slaves without an idea amongst them! It must be bred in the atmosphere of this foul Beatrice Road!

All at once everyone round him broke into a trot, and old Hoskyns followed their example. How humiliating it was to have to go through this every morning! Fancy elderly men in silk hats having to run along a dirty road to catch the 8.42! And it wasn't as if one of them got enough out of it to make life worth while! It was a mug's game, played by a lot of slaves! That was just about it!

Old Hoskyns entered his second-class carriage in the bitterest of moods. In an instant it had filled up as it always did. He sat down in a corner, drew out his paper, and started to read. He heard the beginning flow of the usual banal conversation, and he thought to himself, "I'm damned if I could have stood this much longer!"

"And 'ow's our friend, Mr. 'Oskyns, this morning?" said a grating voice.

It was Hamperly speaking, a hateful person if ever there was one, Hamperly, the man with the great thick

neck and bloated stomach, who travelled in cutlery for some firm in Sheffield—how they could have a fellow like that to represent them was beyond him!

"I am all right, thank you," answered old Hoskyns in his most frigid tone, lowering his paper and glancing over the edge.

"I was just sayin' to these gentlemen," continued Hamperly, "that the weather ain't what it might be."

"Really?" observed old Hoskyns.

"Think o' last year—now there was a fine Febr'y for you! D'yer mind 'ow warm it was—why, it was almost 'ot!"

Old Hoskyns nodded his head and pressed his lips tightly together. What a type! How could such people exist? And raising up his paper, he buried himself in it.

At the terminus they were disgorged into the customary surging crowd. Old Hoskyns elbowed his way through it, and out into the well-known street with its rows of dingy warehouses. An army of men in shirt-sleeves were unpacking boxes from carts and dragging them indoors. He had seen them doing this every morning for the last thirty years—time enough for a whole generation to have died out! They must all have changed in that space! It was astounding—they seemed the very same men! At any rate, they were nothing more or less than a pack of fools!

He passed on severely to his office, and entered. As soon as he had removed his cuffs and exchanged his rather worn black coat for one that was very much worn indeed, he set to work upon the morning's letters. So-and-so had sent his cheque at last. So-and-so wrote begging for another postponement before settling. So-and-so would call and explain something or other at 12.15. So-and-so had "never heard of such a thing" as the proposals contained in "your Mr. Hoskyns' last letter." So-and-so begged to state that in all his twenty years' of experience he had not known trade in such a deplorable condition—the whole weary round had begun again. Old Hoskyns smiled grimly and opened his first ledger.

The day slowly wore on, as so many thousands of similar days had done. Several times old Hoskyns had been called into the Director's room, and several times he had opened his mouth to ask for that interview from

which he hoped so much, but each time his courage had failed him, and he had slunk out without making a sign. As evening approached, his heart began to beat faster. He kept licking the tip of his finger and running it over his lips. By now all the lights were on, and that last burst of activity, which is simply the prelude to departure, was in full swing throughout the office. Old Hoskyns was not a popular figure there, and he was aware of it. He was one of these solitary men who make no effort to ingratiate themselves. "He's rum, is old Hoskyns," was a comment that had been handed on in the office for years. He spoke seldom, and invariably with a sort of controlled exasperation. In the Director's room he was trusted in the same way as one trusts an absolutely accurate machine. As for having any ideas of his own—why, Hoskyns was about as dried up as a piece of stick, he hadn't a thought outside his work! That was just the kind of man that was so invaluable!

Old Hoskyns, peering through the half-open door of his little room, noticed that the clerks were closing up the books. He frowned slightly to himself, read carefully several letters that were awaiting his signature, and then, taking off his glasses, he wiped them and replaced them on his nose. A general shuffling of feet told him that he would soon be alone. Outside the door of the Director's room Mr. Frank Grindley's coat, hat, and umbrella were still hanging. Old Hoskyns had kept his eye on them all day. Getting down from his seat, he stood there in the doorway listening patiently. He was alone in the outer office, which seemed all at once enormously silent—just as though his was the solitary life in the vast emptiness of an uninhabited world. Not a sound issued from Mr. Frank's room. But this wouldn't be for long! Soon he would hear him rise, preparatory to leaving—he must forestall that!

"I must remember what it is I have to say," he murmured hoarsely. And he crossed the office, knocked on the Director's door, and entered.

Mr. Frank Grindley was leaning back in his large chair, which was upholstered in claret-red leather. He was a man of forty-four, clean-shaven, fashionably dressed, competent. On seeing who it was that had entered he made

an affable sign with his hand, and said, "Well, Hoskyns, what is it?—to do with the accounts, eh?"

Old Hoskyns cleared his throat, ran his finger over his dry lips, and suddenly blushed scarlet.

Mr. Frank considered him closely.

"Some difficulty?—eh, Hoskyns?"

"No, sir, no difficulty."

"Come, then, tell me what it is!"

"It's to do with myself, sir, if I may make so bold."

"Certainly, Hoskyns! I hope it's not that nephew of yours again."

"Oh, no, Mr. Frank! The fact is—you'll excuse me for speaking like this to you, sir—the fact of the matter is that there's a particular favour I wish to ask you."

"Well, well, Hoskyns, out with it!"

Old Hoskyns felt a sudden overwhelming wish to make some excuse and escape from the room. A slight trembling passed through his limbs, he emitted the words "hope of a lifetime," threw one terrified glimpse at the seated Mr. Grindley, and then relapsed into silence with his eyes on the floor.

"Are you unwell, Hoskyns?" said Mr. Grindley, rising to his feet.

The other made a frantic shake of dissent, took two short steps forward, and burst out in a torrent of language.

"It's very difficult for me to make myself plain to you, sir," he said, "but my request is so out of the usual that I feel an embarrassment. I'm going to ask you something that I know you will consider extraordinary. Look here, Mr. Frank, I'm an old servant of the Company, and I've been a faithful servant. Yes, sir, I've worked here day in and day out for more years than I care to think of. I'm not by any means young now, Mr. Frank. I've begun to realise it lately. It's strange how long one clings to that idea. It's so hard to believe one's growing old. I used to say to myself, when I thought of this plan of mine, 'Don't hurry it—it'll keep; you've got all the future.' That's what I used to say, Mr. Frank. But years have been slipping away—I don't know how it is, exactly, but I suddenly see that that future of mine isn't there. Of course, I'm not meaning that I'm not good for many years more of work—as to that, I'm in my prime— but it's in regard

to something different that I'm speaking. One has ideals in one's life, sir. I daresay it's odd that a man in my station should have them, but so it is. I've always had the same one—it's been my life in a way of speaking. It's taken the place of wife and children and everything else. I've cherished it, Mr. Frank, I've waited my opportunity, and now, sir——"

"But what are you driving at, man?" fairly shouted Mr. Grindley, "for God's sake, come to the point!"

Old Hoskyns swallowed convulsively and stammered, "I ask you to grant me leave of absence in order that I may go to Rio de Janeiro. I don't want any salary while I'm away. That is my request, Mr. Frank."

Mr. Grindley slowly collapsed back into his chair. The utmost astonishment was written on his face.

"You—Rio de Janeiro?" he blurted in an incredulous voice.

"Yes, sir," answered the other, without meeting his gaze.

"My good Hoskyns, you take my breath away! How on earth did you get hold of such a fancy?"

"It's not a fancy, sir. I've had a wish to travel there for many years."

"But what a singular thing!"

"You may be right, Mr. Frank; but the longing to travel is the strongest force in me. I mentioned Rio de Janeiro, because I know that any time I could get would be comparatively short, and that's the place I want to see most of all."

Mr. Grindley once more rose from his seat, and approached old Hoskyns.

"It strikes me that you have been overworking yourself lately," he said.

"No, Mr. Frank, I've only been brooding on this idea of mine."

"Now listen to me, Hoskyns. That idea of yours, as you call it, is all bunkum! I'm not saying this unkindly. You're a man that I have a great respect for. But you're not yourself, Hoskyns. You must have been reading some book or other. And that combined with your being a little run down—there you have it! Why, you'd be like a fish out of water in a place like Rio! The notion's absurd!

But I'll tell you what'll put you on your legs again—a week at Margate. You'll laugh when you think of that plan of yours. I've been in Rio—my dear fellow, it's not the sort of spot you'd take to, not it. Now, Hoskyns, you pack up a bag when you reach home to-night, and catch the first train to Margate to-morrow morning. Don't think of coming back to the office for a week, and don't you bother your head again about Rio. My dear Hoskyns, if you only could see the place—it's as unlike anything you've ever set eyes on—well, I can't tell you how unlike it is. Good-night, Hoskyns, good-night; and don't let me hear any more of that old plan of yours," and slapping him in a friendly manner on the back, Mr. Frank Grindley walked over to the door.

"But, sir, but, Mr. Frank—oh, sir, just wait one moment!"

The real despair in old Hoskyns' voice caused Mr. Grindley to turn. He noticed that his clerk was shaking all over.

"What's wrong with the old boy?" he thought. "Odd things these delusions. Hope he's not breaking up."

"Well, Hoskyns?" he said aloud.

"I—I don't think I can have made myself plain, sir."

"I think you did, Hoskyns."

"I mean about the holiday."

"That's all right, Hoskyns. I'm very glad that you should have this week. Don't bother to thank me. Between old friends, you know——" and without finishing, he hurriedly left the room.

"Wasn't going to humour him too much," he thought, as he went down the steps. "I'm sorry for him, but one has to be firm—his own good. I saw he wanted to drivel on about that ridiculous fancy of his—why, he's got a regular bee in his bonnet! Silly old duffer!—wants to go to Rio, if you please! Phew! I was too cute, I cut him pretty short."

Old Hoskyns remained where he had been standing as though rooted to that exact spot. He heard Mr. Grindley's retreating steps on the stairs and the bang of the outer door, but he did not stir. He felt prostrated by a deep and mournful languor, as though some hand had extinguished the light that had shone within him for thirty

years. All at once the recollection of Hamperly's large, heavy face passed across him. Instantaneously he was seized with anger. Were these indignities never to end? He was not going to allow it! And then he seemed to see the whole of Rio Harbour spreading warmly and softly at his feet.

"I am the most wretched of men," he whispered in a low voice.

He was conscious that his courage had departed, not to return. He could never escape out of the rank of slaves, never taste the cup that had been so near his lips, never achieve the secret desire of his heart.

Thrice he opened and shut his hands, and then, dragging himself along rather than walking, he made for the peg on which his hat and coat rested.

With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem

By Stephen Graham

I.

I am a seeker: I remember well
How once the city I desired to reach was hid
When suddenly the spires afar
Flashed through the circling clouds.
Soon the clouds closed in again;
But I had seen the city, and, one such glimpse,
No darkness could obscure."

WHOEVER has wished to go has already started on the pilgrimage. And once you have started, every step upon the road is a step toward Jerusalem. Even steps which seem to have no meaning are taking you by bye-ways and lanes to the high road. For the heart guides the steps, and has intentions too deep for the mind to grasp at once. The true Christian is necessarily he who has the wishing heart. Therein is the Christian discerned, *that he seeks a city*. Once we have consciously known ourselves as pilgrims on the way, then all the people and the scenes about us have a new significance. They are seen in the right perspective. Upon the pilgrim's road our imperfect eyes come into focus for all earthly phenomena.

It is a long time since I wished to go. It is indeed difficult to say when I did actually begin to wish. It seems as if I had been predestined from my birth to go. For I remember a time when I wished, but did not understand what it was I wished. I look back to those tender emotions awakened by a child's hymns—only now I know what hymns really are, songs which the pilgrims sing upon the road as they are marching to Jerusalem. I understand now why at church I looked wistfully at the procession,

and why more readily than to all other melodies in the world the heart responded to march music.

In my heart was a little compass-box where an arrow always pointed steadily to Jerusalem. My mind did not know, but it knows now, for it has learned to look inward at last.

Yes, long ago I wished to go and even long ago, to use the sweet Russian word, I promised. Often have I despaired since then, and given up, and yet always renewed the promises.

The pilgrim's discovery is when he looks into his own heart and finds a picture of a city there. The pilgrim's life is a journeying along the roads of the world seeking to find the city which corresponds to that picture. Often, indeed, he forgets the vision, and yet ever and again comes the encouraging picture like the Comforter which, on leaving this world, the Saviour promised to His disciples.

I promised, I journeyed, and now to-day I am at Jerusalem, Jerusalem the earthly, and it seems that my pilgrimage is over. The peasants feel that when they have been to Jerusalem, the serious occupations of their life are all ended. They take their death shrouds to Jordan, and wearing them, bathe in the sacred river. All in white, on the banks where John baptised, they look like the awakened dead on the final resurrection morning. They spend a night in the sepulchre of Christ, and receiving the sacred fire extinguish it with caps which they will wear in their coffins. They mostly hope to die in the Holy Land, preferably near the Dead Sea, where the Last Judgment will take place. If, indeed, they must return to their native villages in Russia it will be to put their affairs in order and await death.

It is seldom that a young pilgrim is seen in Jerusalem. But I am young, and have accomplished my pilgrimage, yet I do not think of dying. What then?

The fact is that in the material earthly journey we do not actually attain to the Jerusalem not built by hands: the ancient eastern city above Jaffa, wonderful and sacred as it is, is for many of the faithful and for all the spiritually short-sighted, a great disappointment. Jerusalem the earthly is a pleasure ground for wealthy sightseers, a place where every stone has been commercialised either by tourist agencies or greedy monks, where the very candles lit by

the pious before the pictures and the shrines are put out the moment they are lit and sold in sheaves to the Jews. The first thought of the true pilgrim on looking at Jerusalem was expressed by a peasant, who said to me as we were listening to the shrieking populace at the Grave on Palm Sunday: "This is not Jerusalem." "Of a truth," I thought, "he is right; Jerusalem is not here."

Yet in a sense Jerusalem was there all the time, even among the disgraceful scenes at the Holy of Holies. As a priest delicately forewarned the pilgrims going down to the muddy little Jordan river: "Do not expect anything like the Volga or the Dwina or the Dnieper. The Jordan is not grand. Much in the Holy Land wears an ordinary appearance. Remember that Jesus Himself came not clothed in purple; remember that His life seemed very squalid and ignominious."

Jerusalem, then, has an existence independent of material appearance. That at least is the refutation of one error. Similarly, I remember the ship's carpenter on the boat which brought us was a revolutionary propagandist, and he pointed out to all and sundry how foolish it was to go pilgrimaging; told us how the monks would pick our pockets as we slept at night in the hostelry, as indeed they did; how the monks lived openly with women; how they had upon occasion taken possession of poor Russian peasant girls and sold them into the harems or "houses" of the East; how the monks, in order to get more money from the pilgrims, invented innumerable fictions about the sacred things and the objects of our piety. Yet most of us understood that our pilgrimaging was independent of all monkish ways; that we, the peasants pilgrimaging, were all right. The holiness of Jerusalem did not take its rise from the priests and the officials, but from the actual first peasant pilgrim, Christ Himself, who was victimised by them.

I have not, therefore, missed my way; I have actually attained unto Jerusalem. But the point still remains—I am young, I do not think of dying on Calvary myself, I am not exactly satisfied. What then?

Youth or age signify little in the city not made by hands; for there, there is no beginning and no end. The procession to the altar is a rite in the church; the pilgrimage is a rite in the larger church of the world; life itself,

the pilgrimage of pilgrimages, is a rite in the larger church of the universe—we complete in a symbolic act an eternal journey. In the mystery of the rite I shall attain unto Calvary and die there, just as at Communion I partake of the Body of Christ—or else I have not made the pilgrimage and have not entered into Communion. As the words of the mystic remind me—

> The Cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
> Unless within Thy heart it be set up again.

If the question be asked: "Why do you live in the rites but not in the realities of life?" It is because the rites are more real. They are earthly patterns of heavenly things. Our life itself we confidently understand to be a rite. By virtue of our mystery we cannot lift a hand to do the most ordinary thing, but we make thereby mysterious signs, and enter into symbolic relationship with the universe of the unseen.

II.

The pilgrims all call one another brother, *brat*; father, *atets*; uncle, *diadia*; or grandfather, *ded*; according to the relative ages of the one addressing and the one addressed. There was a dear old *diadia* from Iver Province who talked with me. He had been within earshot of the propagandism of the ship's carpenter, so I comforted him—God saw the peasant and understood. "Ah, yes," he rejoined with affection, though he had never seen me in his life before, and even then was speaking to me in the dark, "it cannot but mean much to *us* that we journey to the land where God died. He will certainly soften towards us when we come before Him and He remembers that we journeyed to the Grave. . . . And think what He suffered! What are our sufferings beside His? They point out to us the hardships of our journey, but truly they are little. It is good for us to suffer. I wouldn't take advantage of comforts. I wouldn't give up my share of suffering. . . ."

On that little boat the *Lazarus*, scarcely bigger than a Thames steamer, having accommodation for only twenty-one first-class passengers, twenty-seven second, and sixty third, there were, beyond the usual swarm of Turks, Arabs, and Syrians making short journeys in the Levant, 560

peasant pilgrims. Four hundred of them slept in the dark and filthy recesses of the ship's hold, and the remainder on the open deck. Fulfilling its commercial obligations, the vessel took fifteen days to make the voyage from the Black Sea to Jaffa. The peasants were mostly in sheepskins, and nearly all the time the sun blazed down upon them. We had two sharp storms, and the peasants, most of whom had never seen the sea before, were terribly unwell. In one storm, when the masts were broken, the hold where the peasants rolled over one another like corpses, or grasped at one another like madmen, was worse than any imagined pit, the stench there worse than any fire. For five hundred and sixty pilgrims there were three lavatories with doors without bolts. Fitly was the boat named the *Lazarus*—all over sores. I heard a priest refer to us as the Lazarus communion: his words were apt. Yet my dear old *diadia* whispered to me on the morning before our arrival in Jaffa, "We must not complain."

After all that we went through, when we arrived at Jerusalem I heard not a murmur but of the words, "Slava Tebye Gospody! Slava Tebye!—Glory be to Thee, O God, Glory to Thee!" With eyes all wet the moujiks crowded into the monastery for the Thanksgiving service, and the great Bible rested on the heads of the close-pressed throng—a human lectern, and more than that. And with what eagerness we pressed in to kiss in turn the cross in the abbot's hand! As we stood afterwards, a dozen of us about the door, a woman all in laughing tears knelt down and kissed our feet in turn and asked our forgiveness, seeing that she, a sinful woman, had reached Jerusalem.

Not only had the pilgrims lived that terrible voyage, but many of them had walked a thousand miles and more in Russia before reaching a port of embarkation. Many who were not there in body perished by the way.

The peasants brought with them rather more money, man for man, than the tourists in the first-class hotels. To have twenty, thirty, or forty pounds in spare cash was quite common—though, of course, there were also many who had less than five shillings apiece—to have two or three hundred pounds was not uncommon. You would never dream it to see his clothes, but the money is there all the same, deep under the rags, to be used for God's purposes. Thus it is

only the degenerate peasant who pays to have himself conveyed to Jordan, to Nazareth, to Bethlehem. "Oh, what good is it to come," I heard a peasant say in the Dead Sea wilderness, "if we take no trouble over it." He was trudging in birch-bark plaited boots which he had made in the far North and kept new to the day when he landed at Jaffa. A simple patriarchal figure he was, with long, dense hair cut round his head by sheep-shears, and long beard and whiskers encroaching on the sanguine colour of his high cheek-bones and well-scored temples. He was white from head to foot with the dust of the desert; even his hair was caked white, and he walked forward step by step, slowly, equably, pensively. It was at the well of Guerassim he uttered those words, a mysterious little oasis, a warm, salt-tasting spring over which a loving bush was leaning, heavy with rhododendron blossoms.

Thus the peasant pilgrimages. On the road to Nazareth, whilst the great caravan is on the road in the third and fourth weeks of Lent, never less than sixty fall down dead in the dust. They just go on and on, all white from the dust of the road, and at a turn throw up their arms and fall over, dead. There is never a complaint.

I have walked many times down the steep, dark way from the Prætorium to Golgotha, where the stumblings of Christ are commemorated, and where, no matter how steady, the wayfarer is bound to stumble; and I have seen thousands of peasants come down. For want of space the Turks do not permit the actual rite, but the seeing eye needs not that to see that the back of the long-suffering Slav is bowed beneath a heavy cross of wood which he is carrying down the treacherous and narrow way to the Grave.

III.

That it should be with the Russian peasants that I came to Jerusalem is also symbolically true. In the larger pilgrimage of life it is with these simple people that I have been journeying. It was the wish of the heart, the genius of seeking, that taught me to seek Jerusalem through Russia, that brought me to her simple people living in the great open spaces, lighting their candles in the little cottages and temples. At Jerusalem were hundreds of Englishmen and

Americans, and the English language was as frequent in my ears as Turkish. Often I stood next to rich tourists from my own land; they hadn't the remotest idea that I was other than a Russian peasant, and I thought "What luck that I didn't come with these!" But really, it was not luck, but destiny.

But it is hard for any man to realise himself and the appalling mystery of his steps upon the world. No matter how truly one describes the others who are journeying to Jerusalem, it is always, nevertheless, only one person who is journeying. All that he sees—however strange and separate—is but a furnishing of his soul. I remember how, when night came down upon the steamer, the ship's lanterns were lit up and the electric lights twinkled high up on the dark masts. Over the pitch-black wallowing sea the foamy billows leapt like white wolves, and all unheedingly the boat ground forward on its straight-line passage to the port which it should reach on the morrow. The first and second-class passengers would be settling down for the night, the Turks in the third class spreading bright mattressed quilts on the deck and improvising curtains round about their black-veiled ladies; but up in the stern would be two hundred Russian men and women with gleaming candles. In the midst of them a peasant would be reading, his deep voice resonant in a general silence, "Glory to Thee, God-chosen Mother, Mother of God, Queen of Heaven and Earth, Glory to Thee!" two hundred voices responding "Glory to Thee!" Then the reader again, and after him the chorus, "Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!" going through the *akathisti*. These ended, there would follow the singing of sacred hymns and psalms, till long after midnight, all sitting on the deck, all peaceful, all intensely happy. At last the singing dies away, the band disperses, and there is silence; naught is heard but the pounding of the engines and the wind in the cordage. It may be at four o'clock in the morning you get up to take a look at the sea once more; in the east the stars are turning pale, the silent boat goes forward with the regularity of a beating heart, and you feel that everyone is asleep. Yet look down into the mysterious hold, go down the ladder and step over the sleepers; away in the dark corners among the sacks embroidered with crosses you see little pictures of Jesus are hung up and

candles burn before them, and the unsleeping pilgrim kneels with his bare, white brow on the dark floor. In a sense it is Russia that is kneeling; in a sense it is you and I and everyone.

There went a whisper round the decks one morning, "We have a mysterious passenger on board." Whether it was because of the man who said he had been in Heaven for twenty-four hours, or because of some mysterious action of the exalted fanatic who slept by the carpenter's bench, or of the old man who had taken the oath of silence, I know not. It was a typical peasant rumour with no explanation but in the words, "They say . . . there is a mysterious passenger on board." It even came to the captain's ears, for I heard him say, "There are no Russians without passports: of that, at any rate, I'm quite sure," as if mystery could be explained away by a passport.

Often I thought of that rumour after we had reached Jerusalem. When the man who had been in Heaven began to preach; when the aged beggar Abraham, a pilgrim in Jerusalem for the twentieth time, came and sanctified our wooden beds every morning before dawn in Holy Week, burning incense in an old tin can on a stick, and making the sign of the Cross over us with the dense, fragrant smoke; when I saw the man all in white by the Golden Gate carrying in all weathers his lighted lamp—I always thought, "There is a mysterious pilgrim in Jerusalem, there is myself. . . ."

IV.

In the press of all the nations at Jerusalem at Easter it was perhaps difficult to find Jesus. Perhaps few people really tried to see Him. There was so much memorial of the sad past, so little evidence of the living present.

On Easter morning the old monk Yevgeny saluted me with these sad words: "Christ is risen, yes, and it is Easter, but not like the Easter when He rose. How the sun blazes! All Jerusalem is dry and will remain dry, but *then* it was fresh and there was rain, *such* rain. You know there came a fruitful year after His death. No one had known such a summer. Everything seemed to yield double or treble increase, and there was a freshness that seemed to promise impossible things"; the monk's eye filmed; he went on, "And now it is dry . . . dry . . . it has all dried up."

These were sad words, and perhaps true for the man who said them. Every man has a first Easter and the succeeding ones are anniversaries. What was for him an anniversary was for me, perhaps, a first Easter or a premonition. I for my part was aware that even at Pilate's house were fruit trees laden with blossom.

Yes, Jesus was abroad in the land on Easter Day, but what is more, He was actually walking those thronged Jerusalem streets in the season of Lent when I myself was there.

There were certainly aids. Did not the peasants nurse in their hearts the rumour—there is a mysterious pilgrim in Jerusalem. There was that man all in white by Herod's wall, he had that use in the symbology of Jerusalem; by him it was easier to imagine THE MAN IN THE CROWD. Jesus in His day was the man in the crowd, the man whom people clustered round, whom they pressed in to hear, the man of whom strange words or actions were expected. Thus stood Jesus silent on the Feast day, the inquisitive flocking about Him and scanning His face, wondering if He would say anything or not, when all of a sudden His lips opened and there came forth the word of God as from the lips of the oracle: "He stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'"

I suppose the Russian pilgrims read the Gospel every day in Lent. Those who could read, read aloud, and those who could not read, listened. They lived with the *evangel*. It was possible to buy Russian guide-books to Jerusalem in the shops, but very few pilgrims bought them. They used their Bibles, and they found the sacred places by asking one another. It was marvellous how they found their way through the labyrinth of dark, tunnel-like streets and alleys. And they never missed any shrine as they went, never passed a sacred stone without kissing it. With such clear minds as they have, they will easily reconstruct Jerusalem when they get back to their villages, and their countrymen, counting them half holy, pour in to ask them what it was like.

Jerusalem is bewildering. Tourists are tired out in three days. Indeed, it is scarcely worth while going there to be

a looker-on. Unless one lives the life, Jerusalem can mean little or nothing. And even living the life, it is necessary to have the placid, receptive soul, the open house of the soul wishing to be furnished.

We find Jesus really when we cease looking at Jerusalem and allow the Gospel to look into us; when we cease gazing questioningly at Jerusalem the earthly and realise in ourselves Jerusalem the Golden; when in the pure mirror of the soul is reflected the living story of Christ. Then at Bethlehem the Babe is born and over Him the bright star shines, the shepherds hear the angels sing, the old kings come travelling through the night with gifts. The child goes to Nazareth and to Jerusalem. At Jordan the strange Greek priest baptising by the flowing stream is veritably John. To him comes the mysterious pilgrim: did not the heaven in one's soul bear witness! Jerusalem holds a prophet. In indignation He whips the hawkers from the Temple; He says a final *No* to commercial Jerusalem and lives thereafter in the purged city, the city independent of material appearance. He moves among the souls of men: He gives forth oracularly the living word of God. At Bethany, Lazarus once more steps out of the grave and sits at Martha's board, and when the pilgrims come on Palm Sunday strewing wild flowers as they walk, and bearing on their shoulders olive branches and palms, there is truly in the midst of them the mysterious pilgrim sitting upon an ass, and they hymn Him to Jerusalem.

The whole heart is a world, and that world is a temple. Every step and every movement is mysterious, every procession is a rite, a word, or a letter in a word, of the great poem which God reads, which is man's life.

Alas, there are strange doings in the Temple; the dark figures that mingle with the white move forward to dark ends. The pilgrim sits at supper with eleven white ones and a dark one; the dark one goes out. The pilgrim goes into a cypress-veiled garden and prays; the dark one comes back and kisses him. A dark crowd with staves press in, and the pilgrim is taken away by them. There is a choice made between Him and a robber; there is a foolish trial. Then comes a symbolism within the symbolism, like a dream within a dream, for they put upon the pilgrim's head a crown of thorns and on his shoulders a purple robe. They

lead him forth unto death. He carries the heavy cross down the steep, dark way and stumbles as He walks. To the same cross He is nailed, and the cross is set up. It is rooted in the lowest depths and it rises into the highest heaven. Upon it hangs the mysterious one all glistening white, yet shedding drops of blood. . . . Then all is lost in a darkness that not till Easter morning will disperse.

V.

A rite scarcely lives as long as it is merely ecclesiastical; but when it is personal it is altogether lovely. The swinging of the censer in church one allows to pass almost unnoticed, but old Abraham burning incense over us in his old tin can melts one to tears. On Holy Thursday one looks upon the washing of the disciples' feet by the white-handed, delicate old Patriarch, but it is only a church pageant and a spectacle—the richly-carpeted platform in the square of the Sepulchre, the monks each named after an apostle, the table on which stand the twelve candles, the gentle grey-beard with a silk towel at his girdle washing the spotless feet with rose-water from a silver basin, the pageantry of the Church, its gold crosses and banners, the crush of sight-seers all about. It is a different matter when an inspired peasant washes his fellow pilgrim's feet from an old tin pail at the back of the monastery wall. It is not artistic, the feet are very dirty, it looks coarse and uninspiring, but it is real, and if you can see beyond material appearance it is lovely. It has the beauty of summer which is hidden in the rich, black earth.

Surely the priests have erred by making it into a dead pageant and letting out the roof of the Sepulchre in seats for a price. They are not near to the behest, "Wash ye one another's feet." The office of humility has little in common with gold crosses and carpets. Even as a picture the rough peasants' rite was more like the original. As a reality there was no comparison, for the peasant washing the feet was *the mysterious pilgrim.*

In the days of old
Cross of wood and bishop of gold;
But now they have altered that law so good
To Cross of gold and bishop of wood.

Then also at the temple of Golgotha on Good Friday, and at the Sepulchre on Easter night there were great pageants and the accomplishment of rites, ecclesiastical and no more; and though it is expressly to those places and for those times that the peasant makes his pilgrimage, he is quite content to realise the meaning of the time in his own Russian cathedral in the Russian settlement. The Grave would have to be fifteen times as large as it is to accommodate the Russians materially: those whose bodies are not jammed and fixed in that terrible death-dealing crowd are at least there by faith. Obviously it is possible to be there in the body and yet not be there at all—speaking in the language of the heart. Indeed, for some it is not necessary to travel to Jerusalem the earthly at all; they find the Holy City in the village church on Easter night.

The peasant is saved by his personal realisation of holy things, by the Cross, which is not only in the priest's hands, but hanging from his own neck; by the Ikon not only in the church but in the home, by his hospitable house and heart, by his hard-tramped pilgrimage, by his own visions and inspirations.

Thus the pilgrim who made friends with me when I arrived at Jerusalem asked at once my name, meaning by that my Christian name, and took me to the place where my "angel" was stoned. "Here he stood when they took up stones; you see the stones all about, the same stones . . . and here on this rock stood the Mother of God on tip-toe looking on whilst they stoned him." Following him I knelt down and kissed the places in turn.

I suppose every man whose life is a going forth upon divine adventures feels somewhere at the back of him the supporting faith of a woman. Hilda looking on, the Master-Builder climbs the scaffold and does the impossible a second time. Mary looking on, the first martyr faces his persecutors with a face catching the radiance from a hidden light. A man and a woman make one man— he is the outward limbs battling in the world; she is his steady beating heart.

The rough unshorn peasant in his old sheepskin had not learned to read, and knew nothing of my mind or its furnishings, but he brought me there like a child.

VI.

As I was tramping through the Crimea and along the Black Sea coast toward the Turkish frontier, it often occurred to me that I was with the wise men or one of them, following a star to Bethlehem. When I reached the Holy Land, Bethlehem was one of the first places that I visited; and as if Providence had smiled on me, it turned out that the day which saw me there was my own birthday.

I shall always remember the day. The March wind blew freshly over the trimly rounded stony hills outside Jerusalem, and seemed to turn over Bible pages. Every scene was like a living representation of some picture in a religious book at home. The palm started up into the sky on the horizon, the dark cypress gloomed beside grey, ancient walls, brown-faced girls came carrying pots on their heads, Arabs overtook me with trains of mules. All that was new were the bent peasant women, trudging down the road with bundles cross-marked on their backs.

As I looked at the budding spring, and the little children gathering wild flowers, I knew myself in a place which does not alter, the place where people are always young, and the world is always fresh and full of promise. I had indeed reached Bethlehem on my own birthday.

Some weeks later, on Easter Day, as soon as the sun had risen, I came to the Sepulchre, that second birthplace of Christ, and I measured the way from Bethlehem.

The old monk Yevgeny was with me, and we read together the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John—my friend always carried about with him a great family Bible wrapped up in a newspaper, and every day he found someone with whom to read and talk. It was with him that I measured the life from Bethlehem, the birthplace of the loving human child bound to be rejected by the world, to the Sepulchre, birthplace of the celestial child above us, no longer subject to our powers.

There is a marvellous tenderness revealed by St. John; one feels the tears, not shed, but in the words, words surcharged with love and sorrow. Jesus seems in this last, long conversation to discover His soul, not only to His disciples, but to Himself. Much becomes clear whilst He talks with them, and that which becomes clear is so poignant. He has

found out the world. He also at the beginning had nursed golden hopes. He had held humanity to His breast, humanity that had waited thousands of years for His coming, for His loving, for His redeeming. I do not speak at all doctrinally—loving is redeeming: even the lowest of lost souls is saved when someone has seen, understood, and given a personal love. I think that only at moments Jesus realised His dark worldly course, and that in the intervening spaces He toiled onward as we do, nursing those hopes which in the long run are only vessels of tears. He averted His eyes from the Cross, and looked at the faces of men. At last the road became so strait that little but cross remained to look upon. He eased His bursting heart a little with those whom in all the world He had really reached and found, His own disciples. It was only a little. Even they could not be His confidants, not one of them. They were children: to Him utterly lovable, but children, not men. Jesus reached his succouring arms down to all the world, but there was not a man alive to whom He could reach up His arms, not a human neck to stand above him for his own soft arms to twine round. He could empty His heart only to God, and shed His tears only in the bosom of the Father. What He said none can know. The life which he lived in communion with His Father, the life of His visions, the life which He realised in the mystery of His own soul He carried away with Him beyond the Cross. He carried it away to the City not made by hands, Jerusalem the heavenly. And why was He so sad, saying, "If the world hateth you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you"? He realised that the same hard road that he had trod was the way of all pilgrims.

When the sun went down in majesty on Easter Eve, as if answering the behest, "Father, glorify Thy name," there came a whisper to my ears, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again." Easter Eve is a sunset, but Easter morning is a celestial sunrise.

"The story was fresh, fresh," said Yevgeny, turning over the leaves of St. John dreamily, "but now it is dry, dry as a mummy. Once it was very real, we must not forget that."

For me, however, it was fresh and real now, for in myself the first pilgrim had just reached the City.

A Farewell

By Arthur Schnitzler

Translated by Beatrice Marshall.

He had been waiting an hour. His heart beat violently, and now and then he felt as if he had forgotten to breathe; then he drank in long draughts of air, and it did him no good. He ought to have been used to it, for it was always happening, always he was bound to wait an hour, sometimes two, three hours, and often he waited in vain. And it wasn't even possible to reproach her for it. When her husband stayed at home till late, she couldn't get away. Not till he went out dared she rush headlong hither, press one hurried kiss on his lips and then fly off again down the stairs, leaving him alone.

Then, after she was gone, he would fling himself full length on the sofa, utterly exhausted from those terrible hours of waiting; waiting which rendered him incapable of any work, which was gradually working his ruin. It had been going on like this for nearly a quarter of a year—since the end of spring. Every afternoon, from three o'clock onwards found him in his room with blinds let down, unable to set his mind to anything. He hadn't the patience to glance at a book or a newspaper; could not write a letter; could do nothing but smoke cigarettes one after the other, until the room lay buried in a cloud of greyish-blue vapour. The door of the ante-room was always left open; he was quite by himself, for the servant must not be there when she was coming. Then suddenly the bell would ring, and he would start up in alarm. But if it were only she; if it were really and truly she *at last*. Then all was well! He felt released from a spell, a man once more, and often he almost wept for pure joy that it really was she at last, and that he needn't wait any longer. He would draw her quickly into his room, bolt the door, and the next minute they were in heaven. It was an under-

stood thing that he should wait till the stroke of seven, for later than that there was no chance of her coming. He had told her once that he would never stay in a moment after seven, because waiting made him so nervous. And yet he always stayed in longer, and never went out till after eight had struck.

With a shudder he recalled the days before he had known her. Especially did he think with melancholy regrets of the last summer when all his time was his own; of charming afternoons in the country; of August sea-bathing; oh, how happy and healthy he had been! And he longed to be free, to travel away to some distant place, to be alone. Yet he could not tear himself away, for he worshipped her.

To-day seemed to him the most trying day of all. Yesterday she hadn't come, and he had received no news of her. It would soon be seven o'clock, but the later it grew the less calm he became. He didn't know what to do. The horrible part of it was that he had no means of access to her. The most he could accomplish was to walk up and down a few times outside her house, looking at her windows. He might not go in to her, might not send a message; and there was no one of whom he might ask how she was. For not a soul suspected that they knew each other. Their glowing tenderness was full of unrest and suspicion; every moment they were afraid of being betrayed. That their intimacy was carried on in profoundest secrecy seemed to him beautiful; but it made such days as this all the greater torture. Now it was eight, and she had not come. He had spent the last hour at the door looking out on the corridor. Lights were already being kindled. He went back to his room, dead tired, and threw himself on the sofa. The room was dark and he dozed. In half an hour he got up and decided to go out. His head ached and his legs hurt him, as if he had been running about for hours. He turned in the direction of her house. It almost soothed him to see that every window had its blinds drawn down. From the dining-room and bedroom windows a light shone through the shutters. He walked up and down for half an hour on the opposite pavement, his gaze fixed on the windows. The street was very quiet. Only when some servant girls and the housekeeper appeared in the doorway did he walk quickly away for fear he should be noticed.

That night he slept soundly and well. The next morning he lay in bed late, having told his servant not to disturb him. At ten o'clock there was a ring. The man brought him his breakfast and the morning's post. There was no letter from her. He told himself that as she had not written she would all the more certainly come to him in the afternoon, and he passed the time till three o'clock with something like calmness.

At three, but not a minute sooner, he returned home from lunch. He sat down on a chair in the anteroom to prevent himself running madly to and fro at every sound on the stairs. And yet each time that he heard steps on the entrance floor he was glad, because it gave him fresh hope. But he hoped in vain. Four, five, six, seven struck and she didn't come. Then he tore about his room, making a low moaning, and when he became giddy threw himself on the bed. He was in utter despair; this was more than he could endure. Away, to go away, that would be best. This happiness was too dearly paid for. Or there must be a change . . . he must agree to wait only *one* hour, or at most two. It couldn't go on like this, or it would be fatal to his capacity for work, to his health, aye, and even to his love. He noted that already he was ceasing to think altogether of her; his thoughts revolved as in a nightmare. He sprang from the bed, wrenched open the window, and looked down into the street, into the dusk. Ah! there at the corner; was it she? He thought he recognised her in every woman who went by. He drew back from the window. It was impossible that she could come now. The hour was past. And suddenly he began to think that it was absurd to have settled to wait only these few hours. Perhaps she might have been able to come to him this morning, or at other times, and at once there rose to his lips what he would say the next time they met . . . he whispered it to himself: "The whole day I will stay at home and expect you from early morning till late at night." But directly he had said it he laughed the idea to scorn, and whispered to himself again: "I am going mad; yes, mad, mad, mad!"

And once more he rushed to her house. Everything looked the same as yesterday. Light glimmered through the closed shutters. Again he paced the opposite pavement for half an hour. Again he came away because the house-

keeper and some of the servant girls appeared in the doorway. To-day he thought they looked at him, and he was almost convinced that they were talking about him, and saying one to the other, "That is the same gentleman who was walking up and down here at the same time yesterday."

He went and walked about the back streets close by, and then, when ten sounded from the belfries and the gates were closed, he came and stared up again at the window. A faint ray of light still shone from the bedroom window. He stared like one transfixed. How helpless he was! He could do nothing, ask nothing. The hours that lay before him made him shudder. A night, a morning, a day till three. . . . Yes, till three, and then? Ah, if she didn't come again! He hailed the driver of an empty carriage, and let himself be driven about the deserted, moonlit streets. He remembered their last meeting. . . . No, she had never ceased to love him—that couldn't be. There might have been suspicions awakened in her home. But that, too, was hardly possible. So far, not the slightest rumour of anything had leaked out—and she was so cautious. Then there could be only one reason: she was lying in bed ill; and that was why she could not let him know. . . . To-morrow she would be up again and send him a line to allay his anxiety. . . . Yes, but what if she could not leave her bed for some days, say a week . . . if she were dangerously ill? . . . No, no, no! Why should she be dangerously ill?

Then suddenly a thought occurred to him that seemed like a solution. As she must assuredly be ill, there would be no harm in his sending to inquire after her health. His messenger needn't know who sent him . . . or he needn't catch the name. . . . Yes, now he had hit on the right course of action. What a happy thought!

He passed that night and the following day in a calmer frame of mind. Though no news of her came . . . he felt the evening would put an end to uncertainty, and he yearned for her more tenderly than he had done during the last few days.

He left his house at eight o'clock and engaged a messenger who didn't know him at a street corner some little way off. He signed to the man to follow him. Not far

from her dwelling he stood still and dispatched the man with an urgent message.

By the light of the street-lamp he looked at his watch and paced up and down. The next moment it flashed across his mind that the husband's suspicion might be aroused; that he would interview his messenger and insist on being brought by him to the spot where he waited. He began to overtake the messenger in a panic; then he slackened his footsteps and let him disappear into the house. Edward paused, and had to strain his eyes to keep the door in view. . . . In about three minutes he saw the man come out again . . . he waited a minute to see if anyone followed him, but no one came. Now he hurried up to the man and questioned him eagerly. How was she? What was the matter?

"The master of the house's compliments," answered his messenger, "and the lady is not much better. She will have to remain in bed a few days longer."

"Who told you?"

"A maid. She went into the room and came out again quickly. . . . I believe just at that moment the doctor was there. . . ."

What had the maid said? Two or three times he asked the messenger to repeat the words, till at last he was conscious that he was very little wiser now than he had been before.

Evidently she must be seriously ill. . . . People were inquiring for her openly from many quarters, so that his inquiries had not seemed extraordinary. He might venture again. He ordered the man for the same time to-morrow. She would have to stay in bed a few days longer. That was all he had learned. Of whether she thought of him, or had the least conception of how he was suffering for her sake . . . he knew nothing. Would she guess from whom this last inquiry had come? *He*, the husband, had sent his compliments, not she. . . . Perhaps she was too ill to be told. And what was the matter with her? The names of a hundred diseases flashed through his mind. She would stay in bed probably a few days longer. . . . A few days; it could be nothing very serious then. . . . But that was a *façon de parler*. When his own father was at the point of death, people had said he would not leave his bed for

a few days. . . . He found that he was running, for he was in a more frequented street and kept knocking up against the passers-by. Oh, what an eternity it would seem till to-morrow evening. The hours passed, and several times he wondered why it was that he could not realise the illness of his mistress. It seemed almost a sin to take it so calmly. In the afternoon (ah! how long it was since anything had happened in the afternoon!) he read a novel as if there was nothing to be anxious about.

The messenger was at the appointed corner when Edward hurried there in the evening. To-day he instructed the man if possible to open a conversation with the lady's maid, to ascertain what the illness really was. The man was longer away than yesterday, and Edward became uneasy. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before he reappeared. Edward ran to meet him.

"The lady is very bad, they say."

"What?" cried Edward.

"The lady is very bad indeed," the man repeated.

"Who told you? What have they said to you?"

"The maid told me that it is very serious. . . . Three doctors have been to-day, and the master is nearly out of his mind."

"Go on. Tell me more. What is the illness? Haven't you asked? Did I not charge you to—"

"I asked, of course. It's brain typhus; and the lady has been unconscious now for two days."

Edward stood still and looked at the man with a half-dazed expression. Then he asked: "Is that all you can tell me?"

The man began his story all over again, and Edward listened as if every word was news. Then he paid him and went straight back to the street in which her house was. There was no reason why he shouldn't stand there now, as long as he liked. No one troubled about him. Why should anyone? He stood and stared up at the bedroom window, trying to penetrate the panes of glass and the curtains with his gaze, to see into the sick room. Yes! behind those silent windows, there was now not the least doubt, lay someone dangerously ill. He ought to have known it from the first evening. To-day it seemed so natural that this was the cause of her not coming. A carriage drove up to the house,

and Edward ran across the road just in time to see a well-known specialist alight and pass through the gates. Edward hung about in the vague hope that when the doctor came out he would be able to gather something from his features. He stood some moments motionless, and then he felt as if the ground were swaying under his feet. Unconsciously he had closed his eyes, and now as he opened them it seemed to him that he had been asleep and dreaming, and now woke refreshed.

That she should be dangerously ill . . . she . . . so young, so fair, and so beloved—again it seemed impossible. "Brain typhus"—the name of the illness flashed across him, and he wasn't sure that he knew exactly what it was. He remembered to have seen it given sometimes in obituary notices as the cause of death. He began to picture her name and age in print, and underneath, "Died August 10, of brain typhus." Oh, no! it was unbelievable, he could not believe it, that in a few days he would be reading her obituary. . . . The doctor came out; Edward had almost forgotten him, and he held his breath. The features of the great physician were grave and passionless. He called out an address to his coachman, got into the carriage and drove away. "Why didn't I ask him?" Edward thought to himself; but the next moment he was glad that he hadn't. He would only have heard something bad. Now he might still hope on. And suddenly he tried to imagine what it would be when she came to him for the first time after her illness. He was astonished at the vividness of the picture. He even saw that the day would be grey, and a drizzly rain falling. The cloak would fall from her shoulders before she was out of the ante-room. She would throw herself into his arms and only cry and cry, and at last she would whisper, "Now you have me safely in your arms once more." Ah! but it would never be; never, never again would he hold her in his arms. Five days ago she had come to him for the last time, and he hadn't known it was the last time, and had let her go. . . .

Again he tore wildly up and down the streets, thoughts whirling through his head. He longed to lose the power of thinking. And here he was back at her house. The door was open, and the lights still shone from the bedroom and dining-room windows. . . . Edward turned and

ran for his life. He knew that if he had stood there another moment he must have rushed into the house up the stairs to her—to her bedside . . . to his mistress's bedside . . . and he followed this train of thought to the end, as was his way. He saw the husband, who had grasped everything, hurry to the patient as she lay there motionless, shake her by the arm, and hiss in her ear: "Your lover is here. Your lover has come to see you." But she didn't hear, for she was dead. . . .

The night passed in troubled dreams, the day in dull weariness. As early as eleven in the morning he engaged another messenger, and sent him to inquire. The news that came was: "Condition unchanged."

He lay stretched out the whole afternoon on the sofa, and could not understand himself. He was indifferent to everything, and thought what a delightful relief it was to be so absolutely tired out. He slept a good deal. But he jumped to his feet when it grew dark, feeling all at once that for the first time he saw this perplexing situation clearly. An intense longing for certainty overpowered him—to-day he must speak to the doctor. He hurried to her house. The housekeeper was standing outside. He went up to her, marvelling at his own calmness, and asked casually how her mistress was. The housekeeper answered:

"It's going badly with her. She will never come downstairs again."

"Indeed!" Edward said; and added formally, "That's very sad."

"Of course it's sad," said the woman. "So young and beautiful as she is," and she disappeared through the doorway.

Edward gazed after her. The woman's curiosity had not been aroused concerning him, and the thought struck him that he might now venture into the dwelling itself as he had become such a master at assuming a part.

The doctor's carriage drove up. Edward greeted him as he stepped out of it, and received a courteous response. This suited his purpose; it put him on a footing of acquaintanceship with the great man, and he felt he might question him when he came down. He stood rooted to the spot, and he liked to think that the doctor was with her. What a

long time he was . . . at all events, there must be a chance of saving her, else surely he would not stay upstairs so long. Or perhaps it had come to the last agony. . . . Or—but why did he imagine things? . . . it was useless—useless. All might be possible.

Then all at once he thought that he heard the doctor speaking; his words came to him clearly, "This is the crisis." Involuntarily he looked up at the window, which was closed. He considered whether in extraordinary circumstances, when the senses were excited and therefore keenly on the alert, whether then a man's voice could penetrate shut windows, and the words spoken in an ordinary tone could reach someone standing in the street. Distinctly he had heard the words—*heard*, not imagined them. . . . But at that moment the doctor came out at the door. Edward approached him, thinking that he might be taken for a member of the family. Already the unspoken question had been read in his eyes, and the doctor answered with a shake of the head. But that was not enough to satisfy Edward. He spoke. "May I ask, sir, how . . ." The doctor was standing with one foot on the step of the carriage. Again he shook his head. ". . . Her condition is very grave," he said, and looked at the young man. "You are her brother?" . . . "Yes," said Edward.

The doctor regarded him with compassionate interest. Then he sprang into his carriage, nodded to Edward, and was driven away.

Edward looked after the carriage wistfully, as if hope were vanishing with it. Then he went home, talking to himself in a low tone. His sentences were broken, almost delirious, and his teeth chattered.

"What shall I do to-day? . . . Start for the country? No, it is too late—too late. . . . Am I sorry? Yes, of course I am. . . . Am I broken-hearted? No. I can go out for a walk as if nothing at all had happened—nothing at all! I believe I could go to the theatre and sit through a play; or take a country ride. . . . Oh, no, not quite. . . . I only think I could because I am so cut up. It's insane to suppose such things. . . . This is a moment when one can understand without feeling—an exceptional moment. I want to feel nothing—nothing. I'm freezing! I'll go

home, home. Some time or other I must have had a similar experience . . . but when—*when?* Perhaps it was in a dream. . . . Or is this a dream? Yes, here I am going home, as if everything was the same as usual . . . the same as usual. But I shall not be able to stay at home; in the middle of the night I shall be running again to the house—her house, my mistress's house, my dying mistress. . . ."

He found himself in his room without remembering how he got up the stairs. He struck a light, and sat down on the sofa.

"I know what it is," he said. "Sorrow is knocking at the door, and I won't let him in. I know that he is standing outside. I can see him through the keyhole. . . . Oh, how stupid! . . . and my mistress is dying—yes, dying . . . dying, dying! . . . Or is there still hope? That accounts for my being so calm. No, there is none. Ah, and the doctor took me for her brother! Suppose I had answered, 'No, I am not her brother, but her lover, her lover. . . .'"

And suddenly he cried aloud, "Oh, God, have mercy!" leapt up, and tore about the room. "I have let him in!" he said. "Sorrow is there! Anna, Anna, my sweet, my own beloved Anna! . . . And I may not come to you. . . . Only *I* may not, just I—the one in all the world to whom you belong. . . . Perhaps she is not unconscious. How can we tell? She may be yearning for me . . . and I can't go to her—dare not go. Or, at the very last when she is being released from all earthly cares, she will whisper, 'Bring him to me. I should like to see him once more. . . . What will he do without me?'"

And he saw the whole scene. Saw himself hurrying up the stairs, being received by her husband and led by him to the dying woman's bed. She smiles at him with her glazing eyes. . . . He bends down, and she embraces him, and just as he raises himself again she breathes her last. . . . And now her husband confronts him and says, "Go away now; later you and I will have something to say to each other." . . . But, no; life was not like that. . . . Yet the most beautiful thing in the world would be to see her once more, to feel really sure that he had been loved by her. . . . He would, he must see her once more—somehow. He could not let her die without seeing her. That would

be too horrible. He had not realised before how horrible it would be. But how was it to be managed? It was nearly midnight. Under what pretext could he go to her now? "But do I want an excuse?" he asked himself," now when death——" Ah, but even when she was dying. What right had he to betray her secret, to sully her memory for her husband and family?

"Ah, but I'll pretend to be mad. I can pretend so easily. . . . What a comic idea. . . . But if I play the *rôle* to the bitter end, and am shut up in a madhouse for the rest of my life in consequence. Or if she were to get well and declare me to be a lunatic whom she had never known or seen. . . . Oh, my head, my head!"

He flung himself on the bed. He became gradually aware of the darkness and stillness around him, and said to himself that now he would reflect quietly.

"I will see her once more," he said; "that, at any rate, is settled."

And the next minute his brain began to whirl again. He saw himself in a hundred disguises mounting the staircase of her house. First he was the doctor's dresser; then the chemist's assistant, a lackey, a lawyer, a beggar. Finally he saw himself, approaching the dead, as undertaker's apprentice, sitting beside her whom he might not know, helping to wrap her in her shroud and lay her in her coffin. . . .

At dawn he awoke. The window had been left open, and though he had been lying on the bed in his clothes, he shivered. A light rain was falling, and the wind blew a few drops into the room.

"So autumn is here," thought Edward. He got up and looked at the clock, and found that he had been sleeping soundly for five hours. How much might have happened in these hours. He shuddered. Curiously enough, he seemed now quite decided about what he was going to do. He would go himself, with his collar turned up, straight to the front door of the house, and . . . inquire.

First he poured out a glass of cognac, which he didn't drink. Then he went and looked out of the window. How squalid the streets were at this early hour. There were actually people who had to be out by seven o'clock! Well, to-day he was one of them. The doctor's words came back

to him: "Very grave." But he hadn't said she would die . . . and yet all the day before he somehow was under the impression that she was already—— Oh, he must be off. . . . He put on his overcoat, took his umbrella, and went into the ante-room. His servant regarded him in amazement.

"I shall be back soon," he said; and went.

His steps were slow and hesitating. Now it came to the point he hated going. What should he say when he got there?

He drew nearer and nearer the house. It looked strange to him at this hour. He felt as if he had never seen it before. He noticed the effect of tired light which the rainy morning cast over the town. On this sort of day people died. . . . If he had thought the last time that Anna had come to him that she was taking leave of him for ever in an ordinary way, he would almost have forgotten her by this time. For it seemed such an eternity since he had seen her last. It was quite uncanny how long it seemed. A rainy morning gave one wrong ideas of time. Oh, God! Edward was worn out and very distraught. He nearly passed the house, the door of which was wide open. A boy with milk-cans came through the gates. Edward got through the gateway calmly enough. Then as he was in the act of mounting the steps, he was seized with a full consciousness of all that had happened, was happening, and was going to happen.

He felt as if he had walked here in his sleep, and was only now waking up. This was the staircase. He had never seen it before. Dim lights burned in sconces on its walls. Now he had come to the first floor, where she lived. He clutched at his heart with both hands before going further——

What did this mean? The folding doors were thrown open. He could see in to the first room, but no one was there. He opened a small side door that led into the kitchen; here, too, there was no one. For a minute he stood irresolute. Then another side door opened, and a servant girl came out on tiptoe without noticing him. Edward addressed her.

"How is she, Mrs. ——?" he asked.

The girl looked at him absently. "She died half an

hour ago," was her answer; and she disappeared into the kitchen.

Edward experienced a sensation as if the world around him had suddenly stood still. He felt certain that at this moment no hearts were beating, nobody was walking about, no carriages driving in the streets, no clocks ticking. It was as if the whole of moving creation had stopped to hold its breath. That was death, he thought. Yesterday he hadn't understood what it meant.

"Excuse me." It was a man clad in black who spoke. He was coming towards the ante-room, and Edward blocked the way. With a start, Edward stepped back and let the man pass. He took no further notice of him, and went through, leaving the door between the first room and the adjoining one half open. Edward could now see into the second room. It was nearly dark, because the curtains were drawn, but he could discern two figures rise from a writing-table to greet the newcomer. He heard them whisper together. Then they vanished behind a *portière*. Edward remained stationed at the door, and thought:

"She is lying in there. . . . It is not a week since I held her in my arms. . . . And I may not go in."

He heard voices on the stairs. Two women came up and passed by him. The younger of the two had eyes red from weeping, and was like his mistress. This, of course, was her sister, of whom she had now and then spoken to him. An elderly lady came out to meet them. They embraced, and sobbed softly on each other's breasts. "Half an hour ago. Quite sudden at the end," said the elderly lady, and she couldn't add more, for tears choked her. The three went together through the *portière*. No one took any heed of him.

"I can't stand here," Edward thought. "I'll go away, and come back in an hour."

In a moment he was in the street. The morning's traffic was in full swing. People hurried along, carts and cabs rolled past him. Nothing was standing still after all.

"In another hour," he said to himself. "More friends and relations will have collected there, and I shall not be observed among so many. What a relief it is to know for certain! I feel better than I did yesterday. . . . She is dead. Half an hour ago she died. And yet the knowledge

that an hour ago she was still breathing gives one the impression that even now she must in some degree be conscious of existence, that she must know something of which when we are alive we don't have any idea. . . . Perhaps only that intangible moment when we pass from life to death is our poor eternity. . . . Ah, well, now it is all over. No more waiting indoors the whole afternoon. No more waiting for *her*."

And the memory of those hours came back to him and seemed unspeakably beautiful and sacred. Such a few days ago, and they were so happy . . . yes, happy. It had been a sultry, absorbing bliss. Ah! when he heard her feet on the last stair, . . . when she came flying into his arms, . . . when in the dusky room which smelt of flowers and cigarettes they lay speechless and still on the white pillows. . . . All over—over!

He must go away and travel. It was the only thing to be done. Could he ever go into his room again? If he did, he would cry, and do nothing else but cry day and night. . . .

The sight of a *café* reminded him that he had not tasted food since midday yesterday. He went in and breakfasted. When he left the *café* it was past nine o'clock. "Now," he reflected, "I can go back. I must see her just once more. . . . But what right have I there? Will they let me see her? Oh, but I must—yes, I must see my darling dead Anna for the last time. Shall I be allowed in the death chamber? Of course. . . . There will be a crowd of people, and all the doors will be open."

He hurried to the house. As he went in the housekeeper, who was at the front door, greeted him. He kept behind two gentlemen who were also ascending the staircase. Several people were assembled in the ante-rooms. The folding doors were open, and Edward entered. The curtains of one of the windows were drawn back, and let light into the room. The old lady whom he had seen earlier sat in the corner of a red velvet divan, quite overcome. As Edward passed her she looked at him. He paused and held out his hand to her. She nodded, and then buried her face in her handkerchief again. Edward looked round him. The further door, which led into the room beyond, was shut. He turned to a gentleman who stood at

the window gazing absently out through a chink in the blinds.

"Where is she?" he inquired.

The other pointed to the closed door on the right. Edward opened it softly. He was dazzled by the flood of light that met his eyes. He was in a small boudoir with white hangings and furniture upholstered in gold and pale blue. No one was there. The door leading into the next room was ajar. He went through it. Now he was in the bedroom.

The shutters were closed, and a lamp was burning. The body lay stretched out on the bed. The coverlet was spread over her as far as her lips. Above her head candles burned in sconces, casting a pitiless light on the grey, ashen face. If he had not known who it was, he would not have recognised her. The resemblance dawned on him only gradually. . . . Gradually the figure lying there became Anna, his Anna, and for the first time during these days of wretchedness and horror he felt tears spring to his eyes. A burning anguish tore his breast; he wanted to cry aloud, sink on his knees and kiss her hands. . . . And then he became aware that he was not alone. Someone else was kneeling beside the bed, his head buried in the coverlet, holding the dead woman's hand in both of his. At the same moment that Edward was in the act of drawing a step nearer, the head was raised. What could he say to *him*, the husband? But before he could think of anything, his right hand was seized by the kneeling man, who, pressing it hard, murmured in a tear-strangled voice, "Thank you, thank you." And again the head was bowed in grief and the mourner sobbed into the coverlet. Edward stood a few minutes and contemplated the face of the dead with a kind of cold, critical attention. His tears were again dried up. His sorrow grew suddenly hard and unemotional. He felt that this encounter would one day seem to him something at once awful and ludicrous. It would have been too ridiculous if he and the sorrowing husband had sobbed together.

He turned to go. But at the door he paused and looked back. In the flickering of the candles he fancied he saw a smile playing about Anna's mouth. And all at once it became an estranged, contemptuous smile. He could

understand it. The smile said, "I have loved you, and now you stand there like a stranger and disown me. Tell him that I belonged to you, that it is your right to kneel by the bed and kiss my hands. Tell him! Why don't you speak?"

But he dared not. He put his hand before his eyes so as not to see the smile. Then he stole out of the room on the tips of his toes, shutting the door behind him. Shuddering, he went through the bright little boudoir into the semi-darkness of the room where the relations and friends were gathered together, whispering. He might not linger in their midst. Quickly he hurried on, pushing his way through the ante-room till he gained the staircase. Then when he was out of the house he slunk stealthily along in the shadow of its walls, and his steps became every minute more hurried. Something goaded him away from the neighbourhood of that house, and full of shame he hastened through the streets; for it seemed to him as if he were not privileged to mourn with the others—as if his dead love was driving him away because he had disowned her.

The Folk-Song Fallacy

A Rejoinder*

By Ernest Newman

I AM glad that Mr. Cecil Sharp's reply to my article in the May number gives me the opportunity for another heart-to-heart talk with him on this engrossing subject.

It seems to be an incorrigible habit with Mr. Sharp to parcel out everything and everybody into categories. He is not happy till he has—or fancies he has—us all nicely bottled and labelled. I have already pointed out the fallacies into which he has fallen through the too facile use of such terms as "the" Frenchman, "the" German, and so on. Now he has invented a new abstraction—"the" critic, who, of course, must have his fixed "characteristics" like "the" Frenchman. He exhorts me to "silence my analytical mind, and try to *feel* the beauty of the folk-song." The naïve theory apparently is that the "analytical mind" and the capacity to feel the beauty of a folk-song cannot co-exist in the same person. It is the old idea that a soft heart necessarily implies a soft head—that deep feeling is incompatible with clear thinking. I beg to assure Mr. Sharp that it is not necessarily so. And as regards the special case in point, it will, I am sure, gratify him to know that I am as sensitive to the beauty of a *good* folk-song as to that of any other piece of good music. Whether certain folk-songs are enjoyable pieces of music or not has simply nothing at all to do with the question we set out to discuss. That Mr. Sharp, however, conscientiously believes that we who regard as absurd the claim that English folk-songs can form the basis of a "national" English style are set against the folk-song *per se* is evident from his amazing remark that "the question at issue is whether the best of our English folk-songs are really noble tunes, or whether they are the worthless trash

* See THE ENGLISH REVIEW for May and July.

that some of our critics would have us believe." I do not know of anyone who has ever denied that the *best* English folk-songs are very good, if not "noble" tunes, or anyone who has ever been insane enough to allege that they are worthless trash. Will Mr. Sharp give us the names of some people of this sort? But, in any case, *was ist das für ein* argument!! Mr. Sharp's "question at issue" is not the question at issue at all. The point is not whether this or that folk-song is good or bad, but whether a "national school of composition" can be founded upon them. I venture to hint, let us say, that the whole of modern European philosophy cannot possibly take for its basis so thin a foundation as Bergson. Instantly Mr. Sharp is on his feet in wild protest:—"The man who says that Plato and Aristotle and Kant and Spinoza were congenital idiots, who never wrote a line that was worth reading, deserves to be buried at the cross-roads with a stake through him." Perhaps; but no one *did* say just that.

For the rest, Mr. Sharp simply repeats the old fallacies against which I argued in my original article, with the addition of one or two new ones. He imagines he has proved things when he has merely said them, and that the arguments against a theorem can be refuted by a bold reassertion of it. He says, for example, that "*it is clear* that if we are to have a distinctive school of English music, our native composers must in some way or other develop a national style, one that is intimately related to the folk-music of their own country." I personally do not think it at all clear; I think the formula is the emptiest verbalism. The point that Mr. Sharp so confidently assumes is the very point in dispute. What we want him to do is to *prove* his theory, not simply repeat these meaningless catchwords. On his own showing they are meaningless even to himself: the jaunty prescription is that our composers are to do this inexplicable and incomprehensible thing "in some way or other"! "How this is to be done," Mr. Sharp confesses in his next sentence. "I do not pretend to say." We can appreciate the reasons for his silence.

He is still quite positive that there is such a thing as the typical Frenchman or German or Russian, though he cannot tell us what are the marks of the type. He now makes a bogus distinction between race and nationality.

Though Beethoven was half Dutch by race, "his nationality was German"! Most desperate of all is the contention that "Napoleon, despite his Italian descent" (he had not a drop of French blood in his veins), "was born a French subject, and *in character was a typical Frenchman.*" How on earth did he manage it? I suspect that if Napoleon had enlisted in some Italian or Spanish regiment, and founded an Italian or Spanish empire, Mr. Sharp would have discovered him to be a typical Italian or Spaniard. But see where this admission leads Mr. Sharp. He tells us it was not by accident that Bach was a German, Verdi an Italian, or Debussy a Frenchman. That is to say, it took generations of purely German or Italian or French factors—physical, mental, geographical, cultural, &c.—to make these men German, Italian, or French. It took also generations of purely Italian factors to make Napoleon, at his birth, an Italian. Yet by the mere fact of living in France for a few years he can shed all these precious, incommunicable, unpurchasable national characteristics of his own race, and acquire the national characteristics of an alien race so thoroughly that he becomes "typical" of it! The whole essence of Mr. Sharp's plea for a "national" school of music founded on the "national" folk-song is that the Englishman or the Frenchman is born with the "national mind," which he ought to express, and *must* express if he is sincere and unspoiled. But if an Italian soldier can become a "typical Frenchman," what is to hinder an Italian musician from becoming a typical French composer, or an English musician from becoming a typical German composer? Is not Mr. Sharp's theory of nationality here trembling on the dizzy verge of nonsense?

On one point he may set his mind at rest. No one disputes that at certain times and under certain conditions the art of a small community acquires a stamp that differentiates it markedly from the art of communities living under other conditions. Bach wrote as he did, in a style that we call German and not French, because he was generated and surrounded by certain influences, and quite free from others. There is no mystery whatever about this; but it does not help the folk-song people in the least. Marked differences of mental outlook and of idiom are the product of marked differences in environment; and as advancing civilisation

breaks down the old isolation of one European community from another, these differences become less noticeable. Two hundred years ago a French Debussy would have had no influence upon a composer in Drumtochty, for the simple reason that the latter would never have heard or seen a note of Debussy's music. To-day the printing press has brought it about that Debussy and the man in Drumtochty live, to all intents and purposes, next door to each other, and can chat together all day long. Mr. Sharp evidently does not see that as this principle of differentiated characteristics operates not only as regards two nations, *but also as regards the same nation at different periods*, it makes havoc of his theory of the oneness and continuity of "the national mind." For the cultured Londoner of to-day has more points of mental difference from the Londoner of five or even two centuries ago than from the cultured Parisian or Berliner of to-day. Mr. Sharp perceives that the style and substance of the Italian Mascagni, for example, are in some ways different from those of the German Strauss. He has *not* perceived that the style and substance of the Italian Mascagni differ in many more ways from those of the Italian Palestrina. Mr. Sharp is quite sure he can recognise Italian music as Italian, and German music as German, and so on, whenever he hears them. If this be so, it must be because he can distinguish something in each of them that the others do not and cannot possess—an Italian common denominator as distinct from a German. I invite him, then, to tell us what this Italian common denominator is that he recognises in the music of Palestrina, Monteverde, Corelli, the two Scarlattis, Donizetti, Sgambati, and Leoncavallo. He will not be able to find any such thing; but if he thinks he can, and will tell us what it is, I will undertake to find precisely the same quality in some musician of any other of the musical races of Europe.

I am amazed, indeed, at the glibness and recklessness of assertion in which these "nationalists" indulge. Mr. Sharp says that I, and by implication he himself, could "spot" the national origin of all or nearly all the works we might hear in a concert-room without seeing a programme. Such a remark, if Mr. Sharp will forgive my being quite frank, simply indicates a rather limited acquaintance with modern music. I will undertake to play him thousands of

pages of modern English, German, French, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian, Finnish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Roumanian, and American music, and defy him to name correctly the nationality of the composers in one case out of five—except by a fluke. There are hundreds of Russian works, for instance, that are absolutely indistinguishable in mood or idiom from English and German and Scandinavian works in the same genre.

I can only briefly review one or two remaining points.

Mr. Sharp quotes Wagner as to the influence of the folk-song on the Ballad, the Spinning Chorus, and the Sailors' Song in the *Flying Dutchman*. I have only to remark (*a*) that the affiliation of these pieces to the folk-song would never have been suspected had not Wagner told us of it, and (*b*) that although Wagner chattered a good deal at one time about the Folk, he forgot all his theories when he sat down to compose. Is there the remotest affinity between the mood and the style of the German folk-song and the mood and style of *Tristan*?

Mr. Sharp relies upon the fact that several Russian composers have founded certain of their works upon folk-airs. That is a species of relaxation that no one would grudge them; but the vital fact remains that nine-tenths of the best modern Russian music has no more connection with folk-music than have *Tristan* or *Gerontius*.

Mr. Sharp sees distinctive Scandinavian characteristics in the music of Grieg. How is it, then, that they do not appear also in the music of undoubted Scandinavians like Sinding, Svendsen, and others?

It was no accident, says Mr. Sharp, that Debussy is a Frenchman. He evidently regards Debussy as typically French in just the same way that Bach was "typically German." Well, there is about as much in common between Debussy's music and folk-song as between a fancy ball costume and a fig-leaf. Debussy developed the most characteristic elements of his present style comparatively late. They are said to have been suggested to him by the study of Russian composers like Dargomijsky, and the improvisations of Russian gipsies. Gipsies! And not even French gipsies!! And while Mr. Sharp is on the subject of Debussy as a typical Frenchman, I invite him to give us the national common denominator for Rameau, Couperin,

Méhul, Berlioz, Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Godard, Fauré, D'Indy, Debussy, and Delibes, each of whom would be claimed as "the" typical Frenchman by someone or other.

But, of course, Mr. Sharp has no clear ideas at all upon the question of nationality in music. He is merely trafficking in catchwords—not ideas, but what Herbert Spencer used to call pseud-ideas. He admits that he cannot "define in set terms what is meant by a national characteristic"; so he falls back on Lord Morley's historic remark that although none of us can define an elephant, we all know an elephant when we see one. Yes: because an elephant is always an elephant. But if some crank with elephants on the brain were to insist on applying that name to every animal in the menagerie, we should begin to doubt his sanity. French composers differ as much from each other as animals do. Call Debussy the elephant if you like, but do not ask us to apply the same name to the D'Indy horse and the Bizet bull and the Berlioz tiger and the Massenet poodle.

Finally, let me entreat these folk-song partisans once more to make clear to us the *rationale* of the process by which (*a*) a simple little folk-song comes to express "the mind of the community," and (*b*) a "national" English school of music is to be evolved out of the folk-song. Mr. Sharp admits that he "does not pretend to say" how this latter feat is to be performed. Perhaps one of his colleagues can enlighten us. For really, until it is explained how the medicine is to operate, it is a little too much to ask all our composers to open their mouths and shut their eyes and take the draught that Mr. Sharp prescribes. His plaintive plea seems to be that if it doesn't do them any good it at least won't do them any harm. The most sanguine of patent medicine proprietors would hardly hope to sell his nostrum on no better recommendation than that.

The Story of Ogemagigito

By "Viator"

For upwards of an hour we sat and smoked, the fur merchant, myself, and the giant Indian Chief, squatting on the blue and red striped blanket laid out in our honour in front of the hut, the only habitation, I believe, at that time on Skull Island, which is a dreary waste bit of land on the great river Saginaw.

There is not much to see there now—streams, chemical works, stacks, rows of ugly houses, a budding colony inhabited by unimaginative folk all bent on earning money and making what show they can. But I was not there on a visit. My interest in the Indian was personal, ancestral, to speak correctly. Strange as it may seem, this Indian Chief, who stood nearly seven feet high in his moccasins, and in his day had been much honoured at Washington, was nothing less than a relative of mine, though of a very distant and peculiar kind.

His father, it was known, was a white man, a wild Irishman, men said, who had run away from home and lived among the Indians, by name Fitzwilliam—the family name, it so happened, of a strange great uncle of mine who had disappeared from the country about the year 1810 and had never been heard of since, save for a report which came down to our family when I was a boy, that our wild relation had met his death on the prairies.

I had kept a sneaking regard for this "disgraceful" great uncle of mine, but the story had almost passed out of my mind until one day in a New York bar I overheard the fur merchant speak of a Fitzwilliam in connection with Ogemagigito, who was the tallest and one of the greatest of the Indians. My boyish enthusiasm was aroused. Coincidence is always attractive. Of course, the merchant laughed when I revealed to him my concern with this dead relative, but soon we got talking and, as he had nothing in

particular to do, and I offered to pay expenses, I persuaded him easily enough to take me to the old Chief who, he said, spoke excellent English, I, on my part, promising not to talk or ask questions—which is a white man's way, abominable to the Indian mind.

So we sat and smoked in silence unbroken but for the click of the regular and remarkable spitting of the Chief who took no notice of me or my companion, clutching his stumpy pipe after the fashion of Indians, his eyes staring with the rigidity of a bird of prey into the steaming summer night. Every now and then the flare of a match, as one of us lit our pipes, shone on his pock-marked, furrowed face; the notched fingers, like the claws of a vulture, his paint and feathers, and crouching so in the flickering glare he looked like some astonishing pantomime cock, a demon creature of the days of my infancy.

And yet he was wonderful, sitting, for all his years, as straight as a birch-bark, a man of awe and of a singular dignity, like one who had long ago rid himself of those encumbrances of mind and spirit which form the burden of our civilisation. Gradually the meaning of him shaped itself before me with the primitive conditions of the past. Silence seemed the natural companionship with such a man. I began to feel an anachronism myself before this lonely spirit of a forgotten time, this epic of my boyish romance. Under such a pomp of stars it was easy enough to re-picture the old place as it was when my great uncle George set foot there a century ago, and Skull Island was an Indian wigwam.

Sweeping into the blue shadows I could see the virgin forest which ran back right up to the great Lakes, and out of the prairie the river Saginaw twisted and curled under the willows on its banks like some monster serpent. Not a house. Not a sign of cultivation. Where these stacks and chimneys now stood, only grass, their tops just shuddering in the night air—silence, immensity, mystery, and the infinity of space. Here, on this very spot, my great uncle George had lain, as we were now, gazing up at the stars, a free man, a hunter, his horse tethered at his side, watching for the first rose of dawn. George! His name was never mentioned in our family, except as a warning to "us boys"—and there sat his son, Chief of the Sioux,

in the dim light before me, feathered with bones and scalps, like some poor scarecrow of antiquity.

Suddenly the fur merchant nudged me, and then I noticed that the old Indian was swaying to and fro, giving forth curious little noises, something between a cough and a grunt.

Presently the merchant responded sympathetically, though whether they were speaking or merely grunting at each other, I could not tell. Then just as I was wondering whether the Indian ever would begin to speak, the old man stopped swaying and said very slowly in surprisingly good English:

"Sure. My father was an Englishman."

I had been warned not to speak, and at the first sign of conversation to assume complete indifference, which I did, staring disconsolately at my boots.

It was quite ten minutes before Ogemagigito spoke again. This time he glanced somewhat suspiciously towards me, I thought, and then said sententiously, like a man preparing for a talk:

"Like to hear about it?"

The fur merchant pressed my arm again, but made no answer, and we both smoked on, as if nothing had been said at all. After a while the Chief resumed:

"My father was an Englishman," he said, "and my mother's name was Neoma."

"Sure," punctuated the fur merchant emphatically.

"That's so," said Ogemagigito. "I'll tell you how it happened."

The old Chief took the pipe out of his mouth, placed it carefully on the ground in front of him and, throwing up his head, looked us for the first time straight in the face.

The eyes had the steel glint of an animal. It was a face which never smiled, an implacable fierceness seeming to be its sole expression. The nose and lines were splendid. A mouth hard as if cut out of wood. The glance of a hawk. He gave one the impression of a man who had never hesitated or doubted, yet there was peace upon that countenance all lined and seared with age. The bearing of the man was superb.

He looked at us steadily for a bit, then gradually the eyes appeared to disregard our presence. After one or

two coughs he began, speaking slowly and distinctly, to tell his story, which I will try to reproduce, as he narrated it.

"It is all true, for I had it from Wa-ba-gish, who was a great hunter and Chief of the Sioux, and he often told me the tale which appeals to us Indians, because it is the tale of bravery. Well, now, Wa-ba-gish had a daughter, Neoma, who was my mother. It is true I never saw her, but Wa-ba-gish, her father, often talked to me about the girl who was round and supple, so supple that she was called the 'bull-rush,' and she had great big eyes of fire which shone like glow worms in the night.

"There were no houses here then. This was Indian land, all forest, streams, and prairie, quite wild, what you call virgin, and Neoma was virgin too, and there was great question in the wigwam as to which of the braves was to have her.

"But about that time there came into the Indian camp a white man, whom we called 'the Englishman,' as tall as Wa-ba-gish himself, a great rider and hunter who talked Indian like one of us, and for his bravery and skill we took him among us and he rode and smoked with the Chief, and his skin got so brown with the sun and the wind that he looked like any Sioux sitting on his horse, and he could throw a tomahawk with the best. They tell all kinds of tales about his strength, how he had the strongest arm in the camp, how he twisted iron bars across his knees, and he told us how he had left his own country far away, his squaw and papouches, and come to live out here like a Sioux, hunting and riding all the day, for the life over the water was dull and gloomy and a man was like a horse with a bridle, good only for the whip and his master. We were very guarded about him at first, but he sang such cute songs of an evening and seemed so different to the white men we knew that he soon got to our hearts, and he used to come and hunt with us for months together and no one had a word against him.

"Neoma, that is, my mother, was fourteen when 'the Englishman' came to hunt with us, but no Indian thought she would give herself to a white man, for that was against all our Indian life and was a crime that would be punished with death. But when Neoma was sixteen, Wa-ba-gish became suspicious. The girl seemed to be always

following 'the Englishman' with her eyes, and sometimes they would talk together and their heads would be so close that the Indian braves grew jealous and then, one day, Wa-ba-gish looked 'the Englishman' in the eyes and told him he must not hunt with them any more.

"So 'the Englishman' went away and for some time neither Wa-ba-gish nor any of us saw him again, but some months later one of the braves came to Wa-ba-gish and told him that 'the Englishman' had been seen following their trail, and they arranged between them to keep watch. But 'the Englishman' was not an Indian for nothing. They never caught sight of him. As for Neoma, she seemed to be quite happy and had grown up tall and strong, ready to be a mother, so that Wa-ba-gish had promised her in marriage.

"But one night Wa-ba-gish woke up with a pain and could not sleep. There was just a little light in the tent and presently, as his eyes wandered about, he noticed that the right arm of Neoma, who was sleeping on the other side, lay stretched outside underneath the tent, and, being an Indian, he thought it strange. However, he said nothing, and then, some nights later, he noticed it again.

"So he told it to the brave who was to have Neoma as wife, and they took council, and the young man set to watch the tent by night just where Neoma slept, himself hiding in a tree which stood about ten paces away. And after he had watched for some weeks he came to Wa-ba-gish and told him how about midnight a tall figure crept up to the tent and lay by it till just before the sun rose, holding to his lips the out-stretched hand of Neoma who pretended to be asleep inside, and he asked permission of Wa-ba-gish to tomahawk the man that night.

"But somehow the figure never came again. No doubt Neoma had heard what the brave had counselled with her father and had warned her lover and, when questioned, she said she always slept with her arm outside the tent because it was cool and she liked to feel the air blowing on her fingers. Now it happened that there were great disturbances and fights about that time among the Indians, and so troubled was Wa-ba-gish with the hunting and the slaying of his enemies, that he forgot all about Neoma and his suspicions until some time afterward when, one

day, he noticed that Neoma was sick and distressed and plainly she had been known by a man.

"Wa-ba-gish was wild with rage, and when Neoma remained silent and would not tell the name of her lover, he put her to the Indian torture. He beat her till she was senseless and laced her through the back with thongs of deer-hide to a tree, and told her he would leave her there till she was willing to speak, each day taking care to have her fed, and each day whipping her till the blood ran down in trickles all down her body. But Neoma, she never cried or said a word, though each day she was whipped more terribly; but one morning, when he went out with his tomahawk, determined to cut the shame out of her body, he found the thongs all severed and there was no trace of her anywhere, save for a thin trail of blood which got lost in the forest.

"For three months he never knew anything, though the Indians searched everywhere, but one morning one of the Indians brought word that 'the Englishman' had stolen her away and was living with her here on Skull Island on the other side of the Saginaw.

"So that night he held a council of war of all his braves and told them the story, and they listened in silence, and when he had spoken they all cried out 'coward,' which is the Indian's greatest word of contempt.

"At that word, the curtain of the tent opened and a tall man stepped into the tent and, springing into the centre of the ring, threw open his shirt.

"It was the Englishman.

"You see, he had to come back. He knew the Indians would never honour him unless he gave proof of bravery. Perhaps Neoma, she sent him. Anyway, there he stood in the centre of twenty tomahawks poised to fly at his head, and he stood still and smiled.

"'No coward,' he said. 'I've come back.'

"But for a sign from Wa-ba-gish, the Indians would all have buried their hatchets in his flesh, but the chief made no movement, looking at 'the Englishman,' who saw what was expected of him. To come back was not enough. He knew that.

"Very quietly he pulled out his hunting knife from his long boot, and, holding out his left breast till it was quite

extended in his hand, he cut it off with one stroke, and then threw it all bleeding at the feet of Wa-ba-gish, who nodded his head in approval.

"'My heart is open,' 'the Englishman' called out to them. 'I've got your Neoma. Strike, if you will, in here!'

"At these words the Indians all lowered their tomahawks as a mark of respect. They understood. They were glad he had come back, like one of them, to show his bravery. And though no one among them spoke or made the smallest sign, Wa-ba-gish knew his braves felt as he did about 'the Englishman,' and that a man, even if he were a white man, who had so big a heart was worthy of an Indian squaw.

"It was for him, as chief, to speak. After a while he did so.

"He held out his tomahawk to 'the Englishman' to show him that he was pardoned.

"'"The Englishman,"' he said, 'brave like an Indian. We call him now "the left-breast." He free. He go back to Indian girl.'

"And 'left-breast' smiled, and so, without a word, for though he was pardoned then he knew he could never return to them, he passed out of the tent unharmed, and swam across the Saginaw back to where Neoma awaited him.

"Not an Indian touched him. They watched him swimming across the swollen stream, and there on the other side Neoma came out from among the trees to greet him. On the next day they made off.

"But not long after, 'left-breast,' 'the Englishman,' as he was first called, Fitzwilliam, as the white men named him, died. He must have caught cold swimming back to Neoma, and Wa-ba-gish and his Indians, when they heard he was dead, took his body and buried him with great ceremony and honour, and he lies now not far from this spot under those willows yonder where he and Neoma had lain together.

"But Neoma they could not find. They thought she had run away and returned to the prairie, and it was some little time later before they came upon her.

"They found her one evening lying dead in the grass, not far from the great wigwam, and at her breast there lay

a little papouche asleep, quite round and happy. When the Indians took it from the dead mother it screamed just terrible till one of the squaws gave it to suck, but the child grew, and they called it Ogemagigito, who came to be the tallest of all the Indians."

The old Indian chief paused, picked up his pipe, lit it and proceeded to smoke as if he had no further concern with the matter.

"Sure," said the fur merchant, "and the bravest."

But Ogemagigito made no answer. He had told his story. There was evidently nothing further to be said.

Once more silence fell upon us. So it was quite true about my great-uncle George. His son Ogemagigito had told me the tale himself.

We sat on for a bit, and presently my friend the merchant fell back asleep. I leant back, too, and must have dosed off shortly afterwards, for I can remember nothing more except that when I awoke it was daylight and the country was modern and ugly, and the old chief was gone.

An Honest Statesman's Dream

By L. Cranmer Byng

IN "The Story of a Chinese Oxford Movement," Mr. Ku Hung-Ming, the well-known statesman and writer, gives the British public, especially those interested in a University scheme for China, some insight into a Chinese Oxford Movement of thirty years ago. Mr. Ku himself was educated at Edinburgh University, where he became a diligent student of Matthew Arnold and Emerson. His book is remarkable for its extraordinary comparisons between Chinese and British politicians, some of which I have quoted. I have thought it advisable, however, for obvious reasons, to omit his very candid opinion of Yuan Shih Kai in this fantasy of a Chinese dream.

HIS Excellency the Terror of Mud Dragons, Ku Hung-Ming, M.A. (Edin.), Commissioner of the Conservancy Board of the Wangpoo River, Shanghai, sat in a very strange street. Low Chinese shops, with their gold-lettered signs, peeped out furtively between venerable Oxford Colleges; red rambling eaves faced the unbending "perpendicular." In his right hand he held a peepaw (English medlar), in his left a little book, whose title ran *The Story of a Chinese Oxford Movement*, an essay in political and social criticism in China, by Ku Hung-Ming, M.A. (Edin.). Respectfully grouped about his chair were the three attendant shades—the late Matthew Arnold, the late R. W. Emerson, and the late Imperial Chancellor Chang Chih-tung. At his feet sat Lord William Cecil, with a reporter's note-book in his lap. Facing him stood two personages of exalted rank, a lady of capacious countenance and uncertain age, known to every schoolboy as Se wang mu, the Queen-Mother of the Western World, and a gentleman about whom the less said the better. Briefly, his name and title are His Infernal Majesty Ch'in Kuang, Grand Registrar in the Court of Purgatory. Mr. Ku opened the book and read the following extract to Lord William Cecil:—"The Hanlin Academy in Peking was the Oxford of China—the seat of the flower of the intellectual aristocracy of the country. It was, therefore,

in the Hanlin Academy that the movement, which I have called the Chinese Oxford movement, had its headquarters. The young Hanlins who joined and supported this Chinese Oxford movement were called the party of National Purification. This National Purification movement in China, like the Oxford movement in England, was a Confucian High Church Tory revival."

Here Lord William moved uneasily, and His Excellency, tactfully skipping a few pages, resumed: "The weakness of the Oxford movement in both cases was that it concerned itself with ideas based upon given principles; in England upon the principles of Christianity, and in China upon the principles of Confucianism. The scholars of the Oxford movement in both cases took for granted that the given principles of Christianity and of Confucianism are true; they did not dare to test and ask if these given principles are true, not by the authority of Christ or Confucius, but by the eternal nature of things. In short, the Oxford movement, both in China and in England, never carried its thought to first principles."

His Excellency then proceeded to point out how, as in England, according to Matthew Arnold, it was the influence of Dr. Newman's Oxford movement which helped to break up middle-class Liberalism, so here in China it was the influence of the Chinese Oxford movement which helped to pull down Li Hung-Chang and the hideously vulgar and corrupt oligarchy employed by him to introduce foreign methods. He showed how, after the French war, men began to reflect and find that the maxims of Confucius were of little avail against the monster ships and guns of Admiral Courbet. And every subsequent war brought this foreign terror a little nearer. So the Boxer crisis arose without the statesman to meet it. Yung-lu, then Imperial Chancellor, was the Lord Salisbury of China. Lord Salisbury never dreamt of making war upon the Boers in South Africa; much less of annexing the Transvaal. But he allowed things to drift and drift until President Kruger sent the ultimatum; then the hot blood of the great proud Cecils got the better of Lord Salisbury, the statesman and politician, and he flared up in that magnificent outburst, the memorable speech he made just before the war, which reads like Coriolanus's speech in Shakespeare—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forced to scold.

The result was the Boer War and hell let loose in South Africa for more than two years. In the same way, Yung-lu never dreamt of attacking the foreign Legations, much less of driving all foreigners out of China. On the contrary, he tried his utmost to restrain the pride-stung-mad Manchu princes, and when Baron von Kettler was killed, in a heart-breaking telegram of farewell to the Viceroy Chang Chip-tung, sent a cry of despair saying, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*"

At this moment Mr. Ku paused, for a remarkable procession made its appearance up the street. Two and two, an Englishman and a Chinaman abreast, they came marching with the slow deliberate pace of dons at a University function. Arriving opposite the Queen-Mother of the West and His Infernal Majesty, they halted in profound silence. With astonishment, Lord William Cecil beheld, in the foremost Englishman, Mr. Balfour. His Excellency the Terror of the Mud Dragons of the Whangpoo River hastened to present him to Mr. Balfour's Chinese companion. "This exalted one," said he, "is Prince Ching. When Yung-lu died shortly after the conclusion of peace and the return of the Court to Peking, Prince Ching succeeded him as the doyen of the Manchu Aristocracy. Prince Ching is the A. J. Balfour of China. Like Mr. Balfour he is a great pessimist, and therefore a cynic."

Here Mr. Ku deemed it advisable to skip several pages which he covered with a cough; then resumed as follows: "When men of the aristocratic class in a new era of revolution and expansion, after fighting with all their heroism and nobility of character against the new hard facts of the new era, instead of being able to overcome and drive away these facts, only find themselves terribly hard knocked, they after a while refuse to fight any more. Then they take out their handkerchiefs and wipe away the perspiration from their brows, saying, 'What a beastly nuisance! It's no earthly use fighting against things which a fellow can never understand. Well! well! if we are going to be devoured, we will be. What is the odds? Fifty years hence we will all be dead. In the meantime let us make the best of this hopeless life. . . .' In this way, we can understand how men like Prince Ching in China, and Mr. A. J. Balfour in England, become

pessimists." Turning to the Queen-Mother of the West, Mr. Ku asked, "Has your venerable Highness any cure for the malady called *pessimism*?" Her Highness, the Queen-Mother, answered, "In the Kwan-lun range of hills there grows a silver pomegranate, the fruit of which had an astonishing effect upon the unfortunate Minister Ch'u Yuan in the fourth century before the Christian era." Mr. Ku thanked the venerable lady for her condescension, and begged to be informed if any rooms were vacant for the accommodation of eminent statesmen in her Red Peak Palace among the mountains. For answer, the Ancient Mother swept an arm round each, and after a short run of some few paces rose swiftly into the air, made a few graceful circles, then flew off in a northerly direction.

The next couple in the procession proved to be Lord Lansdowne and his Chinese companion, whom Mr. Ku introduced to Lord William Cecil as "The Manchu Superman" Tieh-liang. "Tieh-liang," said Mr. Ku, "is the *bête noire* of the Chinese reformers and revolutionists, as Lord Lansdowne is the *bête noire* of the Radicals and Socialists in England. He is not only a *King* but a *Tsar*—a terrible Tsar sent by Providence, whose special mission is *pour arreter les laches et les coquins* to arrest sneaks and cads, all disorderly and anarchic persons. In fact, these two men, Lord Lansdowne and Tieh-liang, are types of the coming Superman in Europe certainly, and perhaps even in China, who will not only reform us with a vengeance, but also deform us and all civilisation. This terrible Superman has many names. He is *la force en attendant le droit.* He is the God of the Jews in the Old Testament and of the modern Englishman without ideas. The Greeks called him Rhadamanthus or Nemesis. Among the Romans he was Pontius Pilate, who asked what is truth, and crucified the Divine Man of Nazareth equally with Barabbas the robber. People in modern Europe now call him Policeman, and unless they cease to be—and we Chinese refuse to become—either carnivorous animals or Englishmen without ideas, this Policeman will grow and grow until he becomes the supreme Superman who will one day crush and destroy all civilisation, and, making a desert, call it—order."

Here Mr. Ku paused, breathing hard, and leaning

towards His Infernal Majesty, "Have you a punishment?" he gasped. Then His Infernal Majesty Ch'in Kuang, Grand Registrar of the Court of Purgatory, clapped his hands, and the noise thereof was like that of gongs beaten to scare the sun-swallowing hound of the eclipse, of gongs beaten in the mad impulse of undignified disaster and the somersaults of retreat, of drums beaten for the panting charge to the crack of whips upon the hindquarters, of the drums of drowsy watchmen beaten by jinns, of sleep-shattering, teeth-hammering, leg-paralysing drums. Immediately the air became dark with devils flying from the four cardinal points of the Universe—green devils with fox faces, crimson devils with bearded feet, purple and black devils with rams' horns curving out of their shoulders. And they buzzed round the statesman like blue flies round two carcases of sheep stripped of their pelts. Then Chin Kuang clapped his hands again and a chasm appeared in front of Magdalen College, the devils swarmed with a hoarse roar upon their victims, and a seething mass of green, crimson, purple and black rolled and rumbled into the abyss which closed upon them. A top hat and a few other insignia of rank still remain upon the ground. With a sigh Mr. Ku addressed himself to these discarded symbols: "Such men," said he, "are the modern Puritans —men like Tieh-liang and Lord Lansdowne and not men like Chang Chih-tung or even the late Mr. W. T. Stead. The God of those modern Puritans is like the Old Testament God of the Jews. He is called Honour and Duty. They do not know or recognise the attributes of the God of the New Testament: Love and Mercy. When Mercy pleads with the modern Puritans for a truer moral law—to be lenient to sinners, considerate to evil-doers—and human even to the inhuman, the modern Puritans answer, 'Our God is a jealous God, and we must play the game.' Even Love—with the pale face, wan eyes and hollow cheeks of the Manchu women—pleads to them in vain, and they answer with softened but relentless voice—

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.

So Tieh-liang in China and Lord Lansdowne in England are determined at all costs to organise a strong Navy,

while the pale faces of the Manchu women become paler, and in England the women Suffragettes shriek and struggle with policemen until they either lose their womanhood or die. Thus the modern Puritans will play the game until a cry is heard in the world, the same cry that resounded two thousand years ago, 'Pan is dead.'"

At that moment Mr. Ku glanced up and saw before him the well-known form of Lord Rosebery and the hated features of Tuan-fang, the Viceroy of Chili. "Tuan-fang," said Mr. Ku in a loud voice, for Lord William appeared to be dreamy, "Tuan-fang is the Lord Rosebery of China and the same type of man as the famous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the Zimri of Dryden's satire—

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

"What William Johnson Cory, Lord Rosebery's Eton tutor, said of him at school, that he wanted the palm without the dust, is also true of Tuan-fang. Now, a man who wants the palm without the dust, who, living in anarchic times, wants to achieve success in life without hard work and struggle, without fighting until the knuckles grow white —such a man cannot have principles. Confucius says, 'Good, honest men and true, it has not been given to me to see; but if I could find a man with principles, I would be satisfied.' But in a state of society in which men must pretend to possess what they really do not; to have plenty when they really have nothing; to be in affluence when they are actually in want—in such a state of society it is difficult to be a man of principles."

The Manchu Tuan-fang, when as a young man he began his career as a Departmental Secretary, belonged to the smart set in Peking. Now, to belong to a smart set you cannot have principles or religion, for all smart sets in Peking, as well as in Shanghai, Paris, or London, have no principles except the principles that every man must look out for himself to the main chance; "to know on which side the bread is buttered." But, as Mr. Ku went on to point out, this kind of religion, even with its principle of looking out for the main chance, usually ends in bank-

ruptcy, so the time of the Japanese war found Tuang-fang at the end of his resources. He then did what others of his class have done before, he took his prestige to pawn. In England he would have become a wine-merchant's tout or a half commission man on the Stock Exchange; being a Manchu aristocrat he formed connections with men of finance, bankers, and compradores to whom his social influence was a valuable business asset. Under his name, banks were opened in Tientsin, and when these failed shortly after the Boxer outbreak he repudiated his liabilities. He had, however, already sheltered himself in what Dr. Johnson has called the last refuge of a scoundrel —patriotism, and since then he has never looked back. While at Nanking, like Lord Rosebery, he became an Imperialist. "As with Lord Rosebery so with Tuan-fang, Imperialism means dreaming great things and doing nothing, but indulging in high talk and fine sentiments and spending money lavishly. It was this same empty dreaming Imperialism without conscience which made Tuan-fang, while the population under his rule was actually starving, plan and lay out a fine public park with a menagerie of two lions—at a cost of nearly a million taels! In fact"—here a sudden emotion choked the utterance of His Excellency, the veins of his neck stood out like knotted cords, and he darted a terrible look in the direction of the Infernal Registrar. Ch'in Kuang clapped his hands a third time. And the sound was like the spitting of rain upon paper windows, like the slash of silk torn by angry eunuchs from the shoulders of a fallen favourite, like the hissing of winds in the hollow teeth of the Dragon Mountain. Immediately, devils appeared from the five cardinal points of the Universe—blue devils with tiger tails, white devils with talons of jade three feet long, and scarlet devils from whose cup-shaped heads came clouds of smoke. Once more the earth opened and shut upon a many-coloured crowd.

Mr. Ku looked puzzled. The brilliant and animated scene recalled to him something experienced long ago, something which appeared to be vaguely connected with his student days in Edinburgh. He struck his forehead sharply, and the magic word "football" slipped off its dusty shelf and went rolling down his brain. "Football!" he shouted, in the excitement of the effort. His Infernal

Majesty was visibly offended. "Is not the punishment of the sixteen wards of the third Court of Hell sufficient?" he said. "In the first they will eat salt. In the second they will be bound with cords and weighted with cangues. In the third their ribs will be pierced. In the fourth iron and copper knives will scrape their faces. In the fifth the fat will be scraped from their bodies. In the sixth their hearts and livers will be squeezed with pincers. And there are ten other torments still more ingenious awaiting them. What is this, football?'"

But Mr. Ku did not answer, for he was reflecting. Over the long line of illustrious and nefarious statesmen, headed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Yuan Shih-kai, he looked and beyond, into the brooding future.

"Alas!" he mourned, "how confused and demoralising is the present state of things!" He saw the Manchu aristocracy—the would-be leaders of modern China, and the judgment of Matthew Arnold fell from his lips, and they shrivelled up and whirled away like dry leaves when he repeated the words of doom—"in epochs of expansion all aristocracies with their natural clinging to the established fact, their want of sense for the flux of things, for the inevitable transitoriness of all human institutions, are most liable of becoming bewildered and helpless." He thought miserably about Lady Cardigan's memoirs, and remembering his own country's *Dream of the Red Chamber*, he opened his lips to sigh, and tasted the saltness of his tears. Next appeared before him the great Philistine middle class captained by the *literati*, those muddled Mandarins who, "as can be seen from the vulgarity and other hideous features of the Chinese newspapers in Shanghai, and their still more vulgar variety show in Chang Su-ho's Garden, have completely lost their *moral*, and in fact every moral quality except vanity and conceit." He puffed upon Chang's garden with its draggled peonies and whistling mango-birds, and it flickered and went out like an evil dream after a wild goose supper. Then the Populace arose before him, a million-headed dragon, steaming from its toil in the marshes, from tearing up the paddy-fields with its iron claws, the savage, patient, dumb, roaring Populace, and Mr. Ku trembled and thought softly: "The people in China have no political

power, and it is fortunate—as yet . . . for the truly great moral power of the people in China is, although strong, a coarse cruel power without the delicacy of the moral power of the Manchu aristocracy. In consequence, when the real democracy is called upon to assert its power of veto, as in the Taiping and the Boxer outbreak, it becomes only a terrible destructive force."

What was wrong with China? What was lacking to the Chinese nation? Ah! *habet!* it is a man! Yet stay! not *a man*, but *The Man* for the positive work of evolving Order out of Chaos. In the good and great Victorian days a man arose in England who had the advantage of belonging neither to the middle class Philistines nor the Barbarian aristocracy. He led the latter to victory, and his Jewish ancestors had repose in the shadow of an earldom. What if the Manchu nobility should find salvation in a foreign-trained Chinese, "one who, on the one hand, will not have the over-education, conceit, and impractical pedantry of the Chinese *literati*, nor, on the other hand, the pride and class prejudices of the Manchu aristocrat; in fact, one who can combine in himself a true sense for the moral worth and beauty of the old Chinese civilisation, with an aptitude for interpreting and understanding the expansive progressive ideas of modern Europe." In such a case, if the foreign Powers could be induced to send as Ministers to Peking, men of real intellectual culture who understand, besides diplomacy and the art of writing despatches, something of civilisation and its issues; and if such Ministers would refrain from interfering with this providential foreign-educated official, might there not be a cause to hope for a new China, not merely for the Chinese, but for humanity at large? Was it possible—could it be that—suddenly, as if in answer to Mr. Ku's unfinished thoughts, a single clap of thunder rent blue heaven apart, and lo, a hornless dragon, symbol of the virtuous and superior person, came plunging down. Then, as the fortunate monster shaped towards them all, they were amazed at the radiant being of exalted rank that bestrode him, guiding his course with scarlet reins. His riding jacket was of ceremonial yellow, at the back of his hat streamed the three-eyed peacock's feather, his robe was wrought of the throat-skins of sables, and his sword

scabbard was covered with the yellow bark of the dwarf acacia. And the face of this Celestial One was as the face of His Excellency the Terror of the Mud Dragons, Ku Hung-Ming, M.A. (Edin.). "Hai Ya!" cried the Chinese statesmen assembled. "Oh!" replied the English, with one voice, deep and long continued, as the voice of a vast multitude beholding the festival of fireworks at the Palace of Crystal.

"It is an omen!" murmured the late R. W. Emerson, rapturously. "It is an omen!" said the late Matthew Arnold, solemnly.

"Heaven has declared itself," exclaimed the late Chang Chih-tung, fervently.

"Heaven is no man's mulberry girl!" answered a loud voice, apparently from the bowels of the earth.

"That is the philosopher Wang Ch'ung," said the Infernal Registrar, with the thinnest ribbon of a smile on his marble face. "He is somewhat difficult to control, especially when dragons are about."

"D——n the philosopher Wang Ch'ung!" muttered Mr. Ku with barbarian irreverence, as the monster sweeping overhead described a magnificent curve and ploughed off towards the West

At that moment a hot blast of wind escaped from the boiling vats in the sixteenth ward of the seventh Court of Hell and smote the hornless one and his rider upon the flank. Swiftly the dragon sped, swifter the wind followed. For a thousand *li* the celestial Ku could be seen waving and whirling his yellow scabbard, urging his frantic charger on. Soon long streaks of crimson foam dribbled from its mouth and mingled with the crimson of the western clouds. Then the end came. A gust more fiery, more impetuous than the others, caught them. They lurched—they recovered—they lurched again—the monster plunged forward, the heavenly rider lost his seat and shot head foremost into the setting sun.

A lonely dragon toiled wearily towards the Kwan-lun mountains.

The silence of the bed-chamber was broken by a little irritating sound like the tearing of mosquito curtains. It was Mr. Ku's soul come back to him from the beautiful land of dreams.

St. George's Stirrup

By the Editor

Some years ago, when I was returning to England, I travelled with a German, who told me he was going back to wind up his affairs, prior to settling down in Germany, because he could not stand the English want of order any longer. We got talking. Herr Kaufmann Schmidt astonished me. In his sixteen years' existence in London he had done well; he had made a comfortable fortune, he had nothing to complain of. But he could no longer live in a systemless State. "I shall miss your lawns, your hedges, your English meat," he said, "and I shall always smoke a briar pipe. Yet now that I am getting on in years I need order, government, system; for the only positive thing in England is your Sunday, and I am tired—yes, mutinously tired of an afternoon kind of existence in the land of half-holidays."

For seven years I have wondered what precisely this German merchant meant, and might have gone on wondering had it not been for—"Joy Day," and the childish Press agitation about the licking and sticking on of stamps. For against what is this public agitation directed? Against the principle of Insurance? No, assuredly not; that cannot be. Not a single Conservative member of Parliament opposed the Bill. Not a single Conservative member attended the Albert Hall meeting of protest. Mr. Bonar Law is silent. Mr. Garvin has given it his imprimatur. Not a contumelious frown has been observed on the brow of any elected constituent in the country. And yet in every London drawing-room the controversy rages. Butlers, cooks, and ladies of high social standing furiously discuss the means and ways of evasion and contravention. Yellow-plush is in open revolt. Mayfair is in revolt. On the links, great hulking caddies lisp fearful tales about that 4*d*. a week. The Mediterranean?—who cares? National service?—who will listen to you? Our prestige at the Olympic Games?—we smile complacently. Yet England

is in a state of sofa rebellion. And simply because in a general scheme of Insurance, approved by both parties, Mr. Lloyd George included domestics—those ladies and gentlemen whom the other gentlemen call "slavies."

And the bees are dying all over the country, yet nobody minds them—industrious, useful little insects that they are, with a highly developed State system more exact even than that of Germany, the fell prototype of our indefatigable Chancellor. Looking at the thing objectively, we see that the diagnosis of the trouble is this importation of a foreign principle alien to the rock-bed spirit of British snobbery, which tacked on to the Manchester school gave us our Liberalism of *laissez-faire*. In reality it is this Liberalism which is changing, which has got to change. For though the doctrine of "muddling through" received its national death-warrant with the agony of the Boer War, individualism remained and still is the conservative instinct of the country. It was Lord Rosebery who started the reaction, appealing for "Charlottenburg technical schools." The present King floated it, as it were, with his cry of "Wake up, England." Mr. Lloyd George, who is one of the few politicians who does things instead of talking about them, and went to Germany to school, has completed it. To-day the reaction is actual. Gradually the State is coming into its own. L'Etât threatens to be the State.

It is difficult to see how in this epoch, when the problem of nations is population, it can well be otherwise, charming, English, and adequate as our system of individualism and voluntary effort has hitherto been. Economic questions to-day are mass problems—as modern armies and navies are valued by their numbers in men and ships. It is the doctrine which Moltke and the German economists thrust upon Europe, coupled with the idea of the State as the parent of the body politic, towards the formation and efficiency of which the collective energies of the nation were to be systematised and co-ordinated. This, of course, is the foundation of conscription, of State Socialism, of the whole conception of German Imperial architectonics, the joint legacy of Marx, Bismarck, and Treitschke. It

means simply the systematisation of the whole into one organic life. One may say absolutely that in four decades it has made Germany what she is to-day, just as the lack of it led All the Russias into the straits of Fushima. In a word, it is logical and scientific; its machinery is central; its object is the concentration and application of the economic, social and military powers of the nation into a single dynamic efficiency.

In England—and this is what my German merchant referred to—exactly the contrary view has hitherto prevailed in the paradoxical fashion peculiar to us. We are the country of law, of legal excellence and government. But the State is the parent of no one. A national programme is taboo. Our constitution is a growth. Our National services are voluntary. Our hospitals are maintained by charity. Our Governments are transitory. Our political course, foreign, social, and economic, is liable at any moment to be changed or reversed. Literally we have no State or national system. Our Socialism has lain in the hands of cliques and individuals, such as the Fabians and the Sidney Webbs, and consequently we have no Socialism. Instead of a bureaucracy we have our English amateurishness, the conservatism of an island people. Instead of system we have common sense, which is the authority of the London policeman.

It has worked admirably, marvellously, all these years, and England is the garden of Europe. But since the Transvaal War, things have got found out. The first soldier in England tells us we must have conscription, and many soldiers and civilians agree with him. We discovered that England has no up-to-date technical education. Somehow our Fiscal system seemed to need readjustment or repair. The alien question confronted us. The unemployed and unemployable problem arose. Suddenly we have become aware that Germany is rapidly overhauling our Naval superiority in ships: by law, deliberately, inexorably. The whole question of Imperial Defence has become of vital, immediate importance. With the fall of the Lords, the last stronghold of Feudalism was swept

out of the country, and in its place there has come a combative, intelligent democracy of surprising youth and freshness. Once more Albion is awake. With the Edwardian reign a new spirit came into the country, knocking down half the conventions, shibboleths, traditions, and trammels that had existed since the days of the Georges, affecting even the arts and the very femininity of women. Before the war we were asleep; to-day we are again the leaders of the world. Modern England is a cauldron of social and domestic problems. Even property, land—the foundation of our English life—is threatened with legislative emendation. To the outside observer the face of England is a condition of chronic anarchy.

Not evil anarchy, nothing destructive, unsound; on the contrary, it is the chaos of effort and energy, quick with the strivings of life. The elegance of our Victorian amateur anarchy has brought us to it as the result of decades of self-complacent apathy, in which the *dilettante* and the amateur were the leading figures. The scholarship of Gladstone, the literature of Disraeli, the military science of Buller, are examples. Saturated with the amateur learning of our schools, the English mind till quite recently despised all technical and expert knowledge, professionalism in any line whether of mind or body. We studied at school as amateurs; we played games as amateurs—the national system is anarchy.

Take the one question of conscription; not a politician dare openly demand it. Instead, we run the amateur business of the Territorials with its collateral Barrie-ism of the Boy Scouts. Take the question of the theatrical censorship, which, as Bernard Shaw has shown us, is an anachronism and a farce. Yet nobody does anything, nobody can do anything. Our modern stage is full of young ladies who start out in big parts, destitute of experience or talent, but there is no standard of criticism to unmask them. We have no literary censor in the country, yet authors find this book banned from the bookstalls, this novel rejected, because—why, because the libraries don't think the mammas of an antimacassar generation would quite like its tendency. The waste of our hospitals' volun-

tary system is notorious, but nothing can be done, because it is a voluntary affair. Our London Parks are nothing more than dormitories for the unemployable, literally nurseries of infection. It has been estimated that the money spent annually in charity in London would enable us to halve the income tax, if properly employed and allocated; as it is, our hospitals are in perpetual want. Our War Office plays about with airships, just as years ago we sniffed at the French motor-cars. Our athletes go to the Olympic Games almost untrained, and then sneer at American professionalism. Our telephone service, *pace* Mr. Samuel, is amateurish and, to anyone who has lived in America or Scandinavia, an absolute disgrace. Because of individualism, we will have no control, no criticism; we set no standards; the *dilettante* principle runs right through our public life to the belted actor-manager system of our stage. The Royal Academy show; our talking lawyer-politicians and the Party system; the trade trammels and conditions of English literature, headed by a self-appointed Academy that nobody knows, and those who do laugh at, the foreign endeavour to establish a National Opera House; our painful and half-shamefaced efforts to rid ourselves of the anachronistic ecclesiastical tyranny of the divorce laws—all these are points in question.

And we are proud of it. We muddle through. We sentimentalise about the "absent-minded beggar"—we, the prime buccaneers, the fiercest sea-dogs and fighters in history! To the Admiralty we send the man who three years ago publicly stated that he did not think Germany was building up to our Navy. To the War Office there went an admirable lawyer. As Head of Ireland we appoint a charming literary man; as Head of India a philosopher and essayist. And so on. Only the Law holds its own in England. The Bench would never admit an eminent man, such as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, to sit at Bow Street. In most other walks of life our amateur anarchy obtains. Individualism, we call it, and the great game is to play it.

Now Mr. Lloyd George has come, and like a true Welshman has upset the cart. We are positively told to

lick and stick on stamps, as if we were Germans or foreign conscripts. And suddenly we have begun to realise the next thing that is coming into the public life—which is the un-English machinery of a State system. It has made us face truths, a habit which, thanks to Puritanism, we abominate. Actually another Domesday Book is being prepared. We are to be estimated, scheduled, docketed, each one of us, with a dossier on the Continental police system. Land is to be valued, rated, probably even surtaxed. There are talks of nationalisation of the railways, opening up the land to the people, a State system of education, a democratic Eton, an intense Cambridge, a poor man's Oxford. The doctors are up in arms, too, with the flunkeys and their mistresses. Employers are faced with a minimum wage. Our great *censor morum*, the *Daily Mail*, tries to point out the national duty *re* telephones, aeroplanes, bread, and photography. The Chancellor's Insurance Army is turning into a bureaucracy.

If Mr. Chamberlain taught the working classes to think theoretically, Mr. Lloyd George is teaching them to think economically, socially, democratically. There can obviously be no privileges, mysteries, infallibilities, princely, sacerdotal, class or personal in this age of the cinema, when we have boats that dive under the sea and kites that men fly into the heavens. And though one of the first Latin tags we learn is that about experience teaching us, it is seriously to be questioned whether in a time of scientific discovery such as ours we can afford to wait for the afterwards. The *Titanic* was lost simply because wireless telegraphy was not properly and generally used at sea, because of man's neglect of a great scientific discovery. Nearly all modern wars point to the same conclusion, from the chasse-pots which won König-gratz to the lessons of the Boer and the Russo-Japanese Wars. The value of a nation's power to-day is the exact ratio of its potential scientific application. That is the definition of the German word *Machtpolitik*, which is the policy of the modern world. The question is: Can we continue to ignore it?

Can we continue with the leading European peoples training, so to speak, for action, to trust, as we always have

done, to luck, to the happy chance of coming through? For that is the crisis facing the individualist school. And both in practice and theory it touches our whole public and private life. It comes shortly to this: Will the amateur, however brave, intrepid, determined, be able to hold his own indefinitely against the expert and the professional, whether in war, in commerce, or in power generally? Can England continue without a State and a State system? Are we tapping the sources at her command?

"Give a Norfolk yokel a rifle, and he will think it a new kind of pick," a lady once seriously told me; but if that is so, then there must be something radically wrong with Norfolk's education. Humanly speaking, the drum beats of itself. It may be empty, philosophically, as Tolstoi wrote about it, but men follow its magneticism readily enough. If Norfolk doesn't, it can only be because no one has ever seriously gone out into the public roads and given it a good bang. Yet our whole national apathy about conscription hangs on this terrified assumption of our yokels' indifference, and there is no doctrine, no State education, to act as a corrective. It was precisely the same in Germany between Jena and König-gratz. But Germany had a man called Stein, who grappled with the problem, and he is the true founder of the Prussian stratocracy. First of all he made the machine, and then he put the men into it. What he did, we certainly could do. Yet we hesitate because of this insular individualism of ours. We hesitate because we have no system, no control, no compulsion, because Mr. Lloyd George has not yet turned his attention to it.

Yet he is preparing the way, perhaps unconsciously. The first step is government, the second is machinery, and both of these the Chancellor is introducing into the country. When we are all scheduled and labelled, the means are in the hands of Parliament. A simple law would set the machine in motion. The yokel would be "called up." We should all of us be called up—the rest would be the concern of the drill sergeant. The ball only wants starting; but the trouble is that none of our important people will risk

their positions and sinecures—will come out, like Luther, and stand for the big cause of faith and country.

One of the results in the country is that whenever a big movement, such as the Woman's, gets started, violence is the only remedy, for as there is no machinery of justification and enforcement, so there is none to test it. A *plébiscite* would settle a great many things at present in chaos, or a Referendum, say, taken from time to time to decide questions held up or shelved, which none the less seem to require solution. A Referendum, however, means system, entails method, presupposes control; as Englishmen we don't like it. So the women go out into the streets and smash window-panes. Logically they have to in a country of anarchy; it is the only course left open to them.

Here we all felt dimly that, after all, the women merely did what they could. It is our amateur way of getting things done. We use anarchical methods because there are no other ones. And so far do we carry our personal anarchy that when, as the result of a street scuffle with the police, some of the women subsequently show signs of rough treatment, men grow very indignant with the Force, quite forgetting that the women hurled themselves at the constables first. If the literary artists of England were to unite and say: we won't submit to this trade tyranny and censorship uncertainty any longer, they could set up what principle they pleased in a three weeks' strike; but unfortunately there is no likelihood of that: they are individualists, they will not combine. When one thinks of what might have happened to the Navy had zealous and patriotic journalists not persisted in raising scares from time to time, a man may well grow somewhat terrified about the end of it all. Fortunately the Boer War awoke us from our long Tory sleep, as the *Titanic* has roused us in another way, as the women have roused us, as this stamp-licking business is rousing us. It is all good business, and not at all to be deplored.

Most fathers who have had sons at the public schools are aware that on leaving school their boys generally have to go to a crammer's—to get into the Army or into the

'Varsity; yet the public school system goes on with its grand fatalistic principle of unteaching boys to think. Tuned up to a democratic standard, think what splendid schools they would be! As it is, the main things a boy learns there are the right to lounge, how not to work, how to regard all originality as suspect.

In foisting system upon the English mind, Mr. Lloyd George is a revolutionary, carrying out the system of the German Stein. He is fighting snobbery, individualism, force of habit, all at once, so that in the ordinary drawing-room he is not popular. On the whole, the fight put up against him does not seem very formidable, if only for the reason that as in principle Insurance has been accepted by the people, opposition to the practice of it is unlikely to be serious or deep-rooted. Of course, he might have gone slower, left the servants out of it, let us say, but in the land of anarchy things must necessarily be anarchical; results are only obtainable by destruction. Revolution by pieces does not pay. There was far more noise made about the death duties at the time. We shall probably soon come to regard "Joy Day" as a curious joke of the silly season, and when we do England will have taken her first plunge in the direction of a State science and system.

A democratic systematised England is not a place we can easily picture, but it is coming rapidly enough now, impelled by the mass forces of existing economic conditions. We can no longer stand up in the world in the teeth of modern competition and rivalry, and hope somehow to pull through. We have got to have discipline, method, control, and system. Our Colonies are waiting for the signal. We have got to take account of the new conditions of modern life and adapt ourselves accordingly, to stem the waste of disorganised and demoralising charity and turn it into channels that will be useful and helpful. We have got to look into and reform the whole spirit of national education if we are to keep abreast of scientific progress and efficiency. If the national continuity is to be preserved, we must build up nationally to keep it. We must brush away our cranks and troglodytes and pettifoggers. We want a single national philosophy.

For the stuff is there right enough—the material and the brains. Never was England probably in a more pushful, vital state. Our masses have discovered theory for the first time in England's history; the next discovery will be system. It will be wiser for the classes to forestall them. The extraordinary thing really still is that we are what in truth foreigners admit us to be—the first all-round force in the world. And we can be so always. But there are other great peoples growing up to-day, far more numerous than we are, peoples with a stern system of national ambition. If we are to continue to believe in ourselves, we shall have to believe in the State.

Look at Mr. Churchill's speech on the Navy, July 22nd! Eloquence, reason, logical exposition—magnificent certainly. But what does it amount to? To this. The promises of March repeated. An exordium rich with fulfilment. Rhetoric, words! He paints the situation in colours of red—and does practically nothing. There is no logical conclusion. The simple and one thing wanted is a programme, a national shipbuilding policy. As it is, he leaves the situation as critical as before. We seem afraid to take the logical action of our philosophy. Instead of an alarmist analysis of the German Navy Laws, which must irritate the Germans, England awaited deeds. We want ships, a bold declaration of policy, a Naval loan, if necessary—something actual. And we have not got it. It was a speech aimed at the little Navy faction of his own party. It was an amateur speech, the cleverness of a politician instead of the action of a statesman. It leaves us with the uneasiness of all uncertainty. It will be a direct stimulus to renewed German initiative.

St. George himself is right enough. As a unit he is still probably the first man in Europe. What he needs is directive, a national design, the prop of a State stirrup.

France and Russia in the East

By Verax

The worth of the Franco-Russian Alliance has been so often discussed of late, that Europe is growing nervous. The Louis-Izvolsky incident—absurdly exaggerated by the Press—was but one of a series of "incidents" which is not yet exhausted. For the moment, indeed, the surface is stilled, but the waters continue to run deep. People are painfully struck with the difference between the sets of events that generally follow a meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Russia on the one side, and a meeting of two Cabinet Ministers of France and Russia respectively on the other side. In the former case Russo-German friendship is widened, deepened, publicly demonstrated, whereas in the latter, the Dual Alliance, strained and battered, merely puts in for repairs. Thus at the Potsdam interview complicated railway problems were solved in a twinkling. But at the Delcassé-Witte interview* a simple railway issue was first seemingly settled and then effectively unsettled, with unpleasant consequences to the Republic. At the friendly discussion between MM. Poincaré and Sazonoff, which will shortly take place in St. Petersburg, another much-disputed railway problem will be mooted. One hopes it will also be brought to a happy ending. For unless and until the three Powers of the Entente can agree among themselves upon common ends and present a united front to gainsayers, the peace of Europe will not be adequately guaranteed.

At present the Tripie Entente is a concern of impoverished aims, inadequate means, weak purpose, and incoherent motives. It lacks a positive root-idea dominating "special interests." To the political tenets underlying it, no clear-cut principle imparts workable consistency. In

* Respecting the Baghdad Railway. The facts will be narrated later on.

its collective capacity the group loses sight of the primary duty which presses upon all such associations—definitive conclusiveness—and the result is that if the Entente had a single leader, as the Triple Alliance has, he would find to his dismay that his course lay between two goals situate in different quarters of the compass. Two of the members hold that the responsibility, if not the blame, for this should be imputed to the third, and the proof alleged is that practically every important step taken by Russia of late years was inspired or regulated in view of her own "special interests," whereas the only basis on which the efforts of the Entente Powers can be harmoniously ordered and the cause of aberrating tendencies displaced, is the preponderance of common aims over the particular ends of each of the partners. On the other hand, it is but fair to mention the view which is strongly held in Russia and perhaps in England, that the French associate sometimes sets too great store by his money-bags, concessions, and economic interests which he cannot bring himself to subordinate to political ends. These defects must be remedied. Perhaps the most helpful way of clearing the ground of the various obstacles to smooth working is frankly to point them out. And that is the object of the present article. Happily, we can turn our eye towards the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg, now presided over by M. Sazonoff, with the certainty of seeing every possible effort made to harmonise conflicting aims, interests and methods.

More strenuously than ever before the Republic and the Tsardom are bestirring themselves to dovetail their respective interests, and failing that, to harmonise their diplomatic action. And that is as it should be. They both feel that the spectacle of their frequent cross-purposes, to which an unfeeling world has been treated during the past ten years, from being merely unedifying is become perilous. For it shows forth the inherent weakness of the Entente and reveals the lack of common aims among its members at a time when the closest partnership, apparent as well as real, among the three Powers is a peremptory condition of diplomatic success. And this condition is difficult of fulfilment. For it would not be easy to single out any aspect of the Eastern problem which touches all three nations deeply enough to establish solidarity among them. They

all profess, indeed, to desire the maintenance of the *status quo*, and therefore seemingly they stand on common ground. But while for France and Great Britain that ground is solid earth, Russia, it is contended, would fain have it turned into a moving platform, so that while she herself remained still, she might be smoothly conveyed to her own particular destination. Only in a certain sense, therefore, a sense which needs definition, do all three members of the Entente favour the *status quo*. And that is no longer enough to attain its ends and hardly sufficient to justify its existence.

For heretofore, the Triple Alliance, as well as the Triple Entente, existed only on paper. Neither group was a real organism, diplomatic or military. Italy, for instance, was universally regarded as a fifth wheel in the waggon of the Alliance. The idea that in a European war she would stand by Austria and Germany and fight against France was scouted as preposterous, not only in Paris and London, but also in Vienna and Berlin. She was a fair-weather ally, ornamental in peace-time but not meant for hard service in a life and death struggle. Her allies understood her position thoroughly and accepted her partnership for what it was worth. They never overvalued it. To-day Italy is preparing to alter her position. When the Triple Alliance is next renewed, she will probably throw in her lot definitively with Germany and Austria-Hungary. That will be one of the consequences of the war.

In a similar way Russia's dynastic friendship for Germany and her relatively feeble interest in the constant aims and objects of the Near Eastern policy of France and England, seem to militate against the assumption that she would undergo the sacrifices and incur the risks of a war just to prove her loyalty to her friends. This motive—the only one left—is hardly solid enough to bear the weight of the burden, which is heavier than it appears. During the Agadir crisis Russia's peculiar position—which implies no disingenuous manœuvring and calls for no sharp strictures—became strikingly evident. To many it also appeared natural. Why, they asked, should the Slav people run the incalculable risks of a tremendous war merely to hasten the advent of French dominion in Morocco?

Russia's unwillingness to draw the sword against her

traditional friend and ally Germany is, the French believe, practically invincible. If an emergency arose such as suddenly cropped up last summer, the Tsar's advisers, they say, would leave no stone unturned to move their allies to a compromise, and would certainly limit their help to this counsel and to diplomatic support. And the foreknowledge of this certain resolve would of itself make futile the best laid schemes of diplomatic strategy.

Between Russia and Germany friendship has alternated with alliance for generations. True, the articulate majority of the two nations, or say, rather, of the politicians among them, are outspoken adversaries to-day. But not so the Governments, and still less the reigning families, who are linked together by a bond of many strains. And even the spirited Slav Nationalists must be wary. For if Russia were for any motive, however potent, to let herself be drawn into a war with Germany, her whole system of political relations would be upset and her internal development hampered for decades to come. And the ensuing disorganisation would be ruinous. Germany is a neighbour, and a powerful neighbour, whom she will always have with her even when her present alliances have given place to others. And to provoke the resentment of such a neighbour would be to blight the future of the nation.

Goodwill towards her western neighbour, then, is—according to French statesmen, the late Maurice Rouvier among them—the corner-stone of Russia's European policy: "In the first place peace with Germany, and after that we shall see." It was that principle which found dynastic and governmental sanction at the Potsdam interview when Russia pledged herself never to belong to any alliance, league, or entente which is pointed against Germany.

And that is not the only bar to the close fellowship which the objects of the Entente presupposes. The pursuit of "special interests" is another. Three Powers band themselves together for the purpose of striving conjointly to realise or further certain aims which they would be unable to attain separately. One of them, Russia, strikes out a line of her own. She seeks to obtain from her partners her own share of the spoil in advance, as the price of her adhesion to the concern. And that once secured,

she has nothing more to hope from the arrangement. Here again is the "movable platform." This way of stating Russia's position is perhaps crude. It may even be exaggerated. But at all events it is a fair presentment of the view of it taken by influential French politicians, and is therefore a factor worth considering in the international problem.

Russia is not the only sinner in this matter of "special interests." France, as I have pointed out already, is also apt to run off at a tangent to the aims of the Entente when any big economic advantage is sighted or a heavy money sacrifice can be avoided. Her politicians are wont to be overladen with money-bags when they sally forth in quest of political game. They sometimes go perilously near undoing for economic considerations the work which they have laboriously accomplished for the political objects of their Entente. Thus they have been reproached by Russian politicians with an unqualifiable readiness to supply money to the adversaries of the Entente who would use it against the very concern of which France herself is a prominent member. To what extent these allegations are true or imaginary is irrelevant to this discussion. It may suffice to note that French politicians retort that they have more than once proved their readiness to sacrifice Mammon to their political ideals. And they instance their acquiescence in Russia's proposals respecting the Baghdad Railway—although here the renunciation was not precisely of a financial kind—and in her wishes on the subject of the proposed Hungarian Loan.

Russia's attitude towards the Chinese Loan is often quoted by French publicists as an instance of her inconsequent mode of procedure when her "special interests" are in question. Reforming China needs money and cannot readily raise it at home. A timely foreign loan, therefore, may make all the difference to her between national prosperity and blank ruin. And the Powers whose interests in the Far East can best be served by a prosperous China were willing to find the funds:—France, Britain, Germany and the United States. Then Russia and Japan were also invited to join. At first they refused, pleading "special interests" in China,—interests which might suffer if the Pekin Government were to receive a large sum of money

to spend as it liked. These interests, they added, differ widely from those of all the other Powers and must be expressly guaranteed before Russia and Japan could enter the syndicate. Now the aim of the four Powers was to make China, financially and otherwise, strong enough to keep her Empire together, *in statu quo*, without loss of territory, whereas the upshot of the guarantee on which Russia and Japan insisted would be to enable them to loosen China's hold on certain parts of her Empire. With the political wisdom, or justice, or expediency of these designs I am not now concerned. I merely voice a statement which commands general belief and inspires political action. If the four Powers had accepted the principle involved, providing China with money to preserve her territory intact and at the same time promising to wink at the violation of her integrity by Russia and Japan, they would have stultified themselves.

In the Near East the Entente Powers have no community of aims. Russia's interests there are mainly political, those of France are economic, whereas Great Britain—who was once all-powerful in that corner of Europe—at present cultivates hardly any at all. It happens that now the political aims of the Slav Empire and the means by which they have to be pursued, run counter to those of the Republic. Friction accordingly ensues, and the alliance has to put in for repairs. It suits Russia, for example, to weaken Turkey, while France ardently desires to see the Ottoman Empire strong and prosperous. As for Great Britain—who still has faith in letting things "slither" and then muddling through—she can, theoretically speaking, adapt her policy with equal alacrity to the wishes of either, for she has long since renounced her share of Turkish loaves and fishes in order to punish the Turks, of whose home policy she then strongly disapproved.

As a matter of fact, Russia's patriotic plans would have a better chance of realisation if Turkey, like Persia and Outer Mongolia, were pithless and paralysed. That proposition is self-evident. All the more praiseworthy, therefore, is the moderation of her present Minister of Foreign Affairs, who abstains from "spirited action" in the Near East during the present crisis and eschews measures which would jeopardise the peace of Europe. That is greatly

to M. Sazonoff's credit. But it is none the less a fact that Russia's political interest, and therefore her aim, is to have a pliant and plastic neighbour to keep "the keys of the Tsar's house," as the Straits have been called, a neighbour quick to divine and prompt to carry out her wishes. A Turkey to whom Russia's will, understood without official expression, is law; a Turkey that will not merely acquiesce in opening up the Dardanelles to the warships of the Tsar, but will herself request the Powers to help her to find the ways and means of compassing this end; a Turkey which, recognising the voice of Russia through the accents of Iran, will bend even to Persia and evacuate Urmia, would be the true correlate to the progressive yet pacific intentions of the Slav Empire in the Near East. The "moving platform" would then be a blessed reality. But such an emasculated Turkey as that would be an abomination to France, whose schemes in south-eastern Europe postulate a flourishing State favouring industrial, commercial, economic progress.

Such a Turkey would, in my opinion, be also a real danger for Russia herself, who is to-day pursuing in the Near East a line of action suited only to conditions which have long since disappeared. To weaken the Ottoman Empire to the point of utter prostration may have been a sound policy in the days of the great Catherine or the first Alexander and Napoleon. For then Constantinople, if it fell from the grasp of a nerveless Sultan, would have dropped into the lap of an expectant Tsardom. But not so to-day. Over Constantine's city, if the Turk were dislodged from Europe, no Russian flag would now wave. Consequently, it is to Russia's manifest advantage that the Turk, while weak enough—as he always is—to be no match for the Slav Empire, should be strong enough to face Bulgaria and other potential enemies and heirs-apparent or potential. Contemporary Russia, it seems to me, is committing a fatal error in her attitude towards Turkey analogous to that which vitiated France's policy towards Austria in the nineteenth century. In both cases the responsible statesmen continued a traditional course of action which was no longer applicable to the new conditions. France strove to carry out the ideas of Richelieu, as Russia is adopting the views and methods of the

eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The result in the former case is that the French created for themselves first a powerful Prussia and then a united Germany, while the upshot in the second case will be that Russia will have laboured for some other *tertius gaudens* who will prove a more dangerous neighbour than Turkey could become.

The trend of all Russia's political moves since the peace of Portsmouth has been straight in this direction. For she had been dispossessed, disinherited after ages of watching and waiting for the legacy in the Near East. Aehrenthal's quick, sharp, resolute action demolished the diplomatic block-houses which Russia had constructed in the Balkan Peninsula and bereft her of her foothold there. And the consequences appeared instantaneously. For nothing succeeds like success. "If you have a pot of honey," says a Turkish proverb, "the flies will come to you all the way from Baghdad." The little Balkan States flew to the Austro-Hungarian honey. Prince Ferdinand, whose *flair* is keenest, was the first comer. And he is now bringing Servia, his partner, to burn incense at the long-abhorred shrine of Vienna. The King of Montenegro, who has had many friends during a chequered lifetime, also set out on the pilgrimage to the banks of the Danube. In a word, the Balkan States are acting on their own maxim: "Whose bread I chew, his song I sing."

To counteract these potent influences and regain her lost standing, is an arduous task. But Russia is tackling it. And the policy she has been following ever since 1905 has contributed to clear the ground. Her Conventions with Great Britain guard her against surprises in the Middle East. Her agreement with Japan dispenses her from keeping a vast body of troops in Eastern Siberia, so that she can now concentrate all her efforts on the attainment of her aims in south-eastern Europe. And as Austria-Hungary is in sure possession of one part of the Promised or Coveted Land, Russia turns naturally towards the other. That other is Turkey. France, however—and not only France—would view with disfavour the weakening of the Ottoman Empire.

Another and earlier instance of Russia's policy of "special interests," the pursuit of which dealt a stunning blow to the economic interests of her own ally and friend.

is her attitude towards the Baghdad Railway scheme. When this great conception was first mooted, the Germans, uncertain of the future, made an acceptable offer of partnership to France. In the year 1901 they invited the French to work with them on terms of equality,—participation in costs and profits to the extent of fifty per cent. And the French Government, discerning the worth, economic and political, of the enterprise, was willing to close with the advantageous proposal. But St. Petersburg, where M. Witte's word was then law, dissented on grounds which, whether forcible or feeble, could not be brushed aside lightly. And France, reluctantly bowing to Russia's will, declined Germany's offer. In 1902 the Germans came forward with a fresh bid for financial help, this time to France and England. Both Governments felt disposed to look with favour on the proposal, judging that the railway would in any case be built and become the main artery of traffic in Asia Minor, and that it would be a thousand pities to allow any one Power —and in particular Germany—to monopolise it. The French, whose wealth-creators make a speciality of financing public works which give employment abroad to French labour and capital, were specially keen to avail themselves of the lucrative offer, and they actually gave an affirmative reply, laying down one condition, that their allies, the Russians, be also admitted. And then, turning to Russia, they generously said: "If you join the consortium to the extent of one-fourth, your way shall be smooth. We will furnish the money. You shall have no expense whatever. You merely give your name and we will do the rest. You shall reap all the advantages that accrue to us, and more. For our aim is mainly economic. To you who are also politically interested, we should like to point out that this Baghdad Railway scheme has a political aspect that ought to appeal to you. You profess to be alarmed at the thought that Germany is making ready to absorb Turkey. Well, here is your chance to put a spoke in her wheel. Will you take it?"

The arguments put forward by the French Government seemed conclusive. But by way of making assurance doubly sure, M. Delcassé started for St. Petersburg and unfolded his views at length to the authorities there. The Tsar was struck by his arguments and, unless I am greatly mistaken,

intimated his assent to the proposal. Thus the matter appeared to be settled once and for all. But all at once the situation was changed by an official *communiqué* issued by the Russian Minister of Finances, M. Witte, the tenor of which came as a surprise to the French ally. The gist of the Minister's message to the Russian public was that the Baghdad Railway scheme must be regarded not as promoting, but rather as damaging Russia's interests. The practical corollary of this proposition is, of course, that patriotic Russians should eschew it. But no, M. Witte said —and herein lay the intention to feed the wolves as well as to save the sheep—that if Russians wished to invest their savings in it, they were quite free to do so. . . . That curiously poised message put an extinguisher on the readiness of Russian investors to put their savings in the railway. But the matter was not allowed to rest there. In Paris a campaign was organised against the project, and carried on so strenuously and efficaciously that, to the disgust of the Republic, would-be investors in France, England, and Russia fought shy of it, and an enterprise which, having been initiated by Germany, ought to have been internationalised by her three competitors, was actually saved from internationalisation and rendered absolutely German by Russia's persevering endeavours.

Here, say the French, we have a case in which our ally, intent upon her own "special interests," injured those of her political friends, and injured them gratuitously. She obliged them to play into the hands of Germany and they did so with open eyes and sinking hearts. "The least we could have expected from her after that," remarked a French statesman last summer, "was that she would stand to her colours and maintain the same attitude to the end. But no; she abandoned her position utterly and then told us, who looked foolish, that we might do likewise—when it was too late. At Potsdam she suddenly gave up her opposition root and branch, and even undertook to lend a helping hand to the Railway which we had reluctantly opposed at her bidding. That was gall and wormwood to French politicians and financiers. For the attractive offer formerly made to our capitalists was no longer open. At Potsdam, it appears, the scales fell from Russia's eyes, and she beheld the enterprise from the same angle of vision

from which the Germans contemplated it. Russia and Germany are at one on the subject to-day. To put the case moderately, Russia, in her estimate of aims and her choice of means, is liable to err egregiously. Why then should her view be always pressed upon her partners with such force and insistence that it has to be accepted against their better judgment?

To-day the Baghdad Railway—a splendid concern—the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranée of Asia Minor—is become a Teutonic enterprise, the ground-work of Germany's industrial and commercial prosperity in the Near East, a source of enormous power and prestige. For some years it was within an ace of becoming—as it ought to have become—an international undertaking: Franco-Anglo-Russo-German. But Russia cried "Veto! Our special interests are in danger," and bore down the opposition of France and England. To-day Russia officially avows that that was bad policy and a regrettable mistake. France in turn complains that the net result of her ally's action has been to help Germany to oust out the international element and to make the great trunk railway an exclusively German undertaking. Errors like this, say French statesmen, differ little from the mistakes occasionally committed in battle when a battery opens fire against its own soldiers. In the Baghdad Railway case, however, it was worse, for France and England had to base their action upon errors recognised as such; and this, to put it mildly, ought not to be. It is a case of the blind leading the clear-sighted into a ditch. To obviate such lapses in the future, nay in the present, is one of the motives of M. Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg.

For at this very moment a new cause of friction between France and Russia has become operative. Here again the central hinge of the dispute is a projected railway, trunk and branches from northern Anatolia to the Black Sea. And to-day, as in 1901–1902, French statesmen clearly discern the trend of events. They know that despite Russian opposition, which is strenuous and persevering, the lines in question will be built and that the only effect of her prohibitive action will be to deprive her own ally of the great benefits which the enterprise would otherwise bring her. Moreover, foreigners would be put in the place of Frenchmen—foreigners, too, whom Russia at present re-

gards almost as antagonists, the Americans. The French hasten to proclaim that the motive of their ally, whose friendship they highly appreciate and cordially reciprocate, is her political attitude towards Turkey, not jealousy of France. But the motive, they add, leaves the result intact.

As the question is now about to become acute, it is well that the public should be put in possession of its main features.

Years ago, when on my way to Armenia at the time of the first massacres at Sassoun, I learned from the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, who honoured me with his confidence, that one of the pressing questions between himself and the Porte was the large number of Turkish Armenians who, to escape being massacred, had taken refuge in the Caucasus. "We have quite enough Armenians of our own there," M. Nelidoff remarked, "and it is the wish of my Government that those who have fled to us from Turkey should return to their native land. They have reason to be grateful for our hospitality, and they cannot expect us to keep them for ever." Whatever the Armenians may have thought or felt about this, the Sultan would not hear of it. The thought of thousands of embittered Armenians coming back to spread disaffection in his realm, and perhaps destruction in his capital, terrified him. Hence, although the Russian Ambassador pressed the question again and again in conversations with the Turkish Ministers, he was merely wasting his breath. He then brought it to the knowledge of the Sultan, but to just as little purpose. As usual, he met neither with assent nor refusal. All that he obtained was a promise that the matter would receive his Majesty's best consideration. But nothing was done. Years passed, and M. Nelidoff was transferred to Rome. His successor, M. Zinovieff, when the Armenian fugitives numbered some fifty thousand, proposed the following combination: "You don't want to take back your Armenians? No doubt it is inconvenient, but you are bound to readmit them. I need not say that we have no obligation to keep them. If, none the less, we do render you this service, it is meet that you should do us a corresponding favour. It is not much. We shall be satisfied with a conditional promise. If you should ever want to construct railways from Anatolia to the Black Sea, and should decide to do this

by way of concession, we want you to give such concessions to Russian capitalists and on the same terms on which you granted the Baghdad Railway to the Germans. As you perceive, it is a little thing we ask, and there is no sort of compulsion about it. You probably don't want to build any railways at all. ('Indeed we don't,' replied the Minister with emphasis.) Well, then, we shall never ask you to do it. And even if you should change your mind, we do not force you to give the enterprise to us. Let your own Government make them by contract. It is only in case you decide to give a concession that we request you to bestow it on us who are relieving you of your Armenians. You have accorded the Germans a much more lucrative concession without any such consideration as we are offering. What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

The proposal appeared harmless. It provided for a contingency which was hidden in the distant future, and it eliminated compulsion. The Sultan, glad to be rid of his 50,000 Armenians, closed with the offer. An exchange of diplomatic notes ensued, the Porte expressly reserving to itself the right to withhold concessions and build the lines itself.

Such is the Russian story. The version recounted by Djevad Pasha, whom I knew when he was Grand Vizier and afterwards, and by Shakir Pasha, who was also a good acquaintance of mine, was different. Violent pressure, which can only be described as downright intimidation, was put upon the Sultan, who withstood it as long as he dared. More than once he was told that, unless he knuckled down, his 50,000 enemies would be let loose upon his frontiers, and he might then deal with them as he would. Scared out of his wits, he finally gave way, and Russia obtained 50,000 industrious, wealth-creating subjects, as well as the Arrangement of 1900.

Which of these tales deserves credence is a matter of evidence. For my present purpose the accuracy of this one or that is not a deciding issue in the case. Not without importance is the posture of the Porte and the grounds for its plea that the Arrangement of 1900 should be set aside. Of the arguments drawn from the method employed to obtain the Sultan's assent, I make abstraction. More relevant still is the contention that since the Revolu-

tion the 50,000 Armenians, or, at any rate, most of them, have quitted the Caucasus and returned to Turkey; so that if Russia were now to enforce the bargain, she would be taking something for nothing. Another point is that unceremonious action which was permissible in 1900 towards a country which, devoid of Government, was manifestly crumbling away, would not be warranted in 1912 against a State which, however grievous its sins and blunders, is only a beginner, and can plead good intentions and inexperience. Every nation is free to build its own railways.

In the year 1900 the Empire differed radically from the Turkey of to-day. Abdul Hamid was its sole lord and master, and he misgoverned it by means of terror and isolation. Railways in particular were an abomination to him. They brought in their train, he knew, the kind of progress which would be fatal to misrule. In the year of grace 1912 the country and its aims and means have changed. The poison of twelve years ago is become the nation's meat to-day. Land and water communications are being created in fervent haste. True, the present Government cannot, for lack of funds, construct the railways which it needs. Lines which offer no important military advantages have to wait. The needs of war absorb all the resources available. If in favour of a proposed railway it can be urged that it offers strategic advantages, then the Government will entertain the scheme, study it, and probably find ways and means of building it. And that precisely is the main argument offered for the Black Sea Railway project. Strategically it would be a boon, while economically it would work wonders for the districts through which it would pass. For at present there are no communications there for the transport of agricultural produce. When, therefore, a harvest is good, much of the corn rots or is burned; while if the crops are bad, famine is the result. Misery, therefore, is made chronic by these alternating extremes. Brigandage follows misery, and life tends to become unbearable. Hence on military and economic grounds the Turks are anxious to build trunk and branch lines from Northern Anatolia to the Black Sea as soon as possible. But they are tripped up, they say, in the meshes of the Agreement of 1900. "We desire to make a railway in our own territory. What more natural? But a foreign

Power cries, 'No! I forbid you to build.' That is what it comes to."

For many sound reasons Turkey does not wish to bestow a concession. She wants to construct a strategic line, which will also be an important economic line, to the Black Sea. "To ask us to bestow this concession on Russia is like asking France to give Germans the exploitation of their strategic railways to the German frontier. It is out of the question. To insist on this is to forbid us to have a railway at all, as Persia was forbidden."

The secret Arrangement of 1900 stipulates that Russia shall have the construction of the railway to the Black Sea, only if Turkey decides to have it done by way of concession. Not otherwise. And the Turks have resolved not to choose that way. They will do it by contract. With this object they have had recourse to a French company, talked the matter over, and agreed upon the terms of a contract. And with another company they have discussed a contract for exploiting the line when it is ready. Now, a building contract is not a concession, so that no reasonable objection could, the Porte imagined, be raised against it under the 1900 Arrangement. In France the same view prevails. The Russians, however, regard the matter differently. And their opinion is paraphrased by the Turks as follows:—"Your projected line is directed against Russia, against whom you have long been nursing a grudge. You and we know this, and we understand each other thoroughly. We both know that that is the root of your resolve to give no concession and of your wish to build the railway by contract. That, however, is a mere quibble. We consider it unfair to have our Arrangement interpreted thus restrictively in consequence of political animosity. We therefore join issue with you on the construction you put upon the document. You have gone to one French firm to conclude with it a building contract. Very well. But who will exploit the railway? Yourselves? You would do it if you could, and you could do it if the contract were what it seems to be and nothing more. But it is something more. It is a masked concession. Therefore you propose to make a contract with another French company for running the line. We challenge your right to wriggle out of your obligations in this way."

Again, Russia argues that if the railway is to be built by contract, the contractors will, of course, be paid by the Government. "But where will the Government find the money for the scheme?" she inquires. "We will procure the money," Turkey answers, "by raising a public loan in France. Mind, it will not be a railway loan, nor a loan to cover a deficit, but a general loan, the proceeds of which will be taken over by the Treasury and scheduled among the extraordinary receipts for the financial year. We shall then enter in the budgetary estimates the sum necessary for the railway construction. Surely these operations are legitimate and adequate?"

"Not so," retorts Russia; "they would be both were there no Arrangement of 1900 to forbid them. That Arrangement, however, obliges you either to bestow a concession or else to build the line yourselves; and if you choose the latter alternative it must be carried out *bona fide*. That means that you must provide the requisite funds from the *ordinary* revenue, and not from a loan really raised *ad hoc* although labelled 'general.' If under these conditions you float a foreign loan, it is not you who are building the railway, but your creditors, and the procedure is not by contract but by concession."

This line of argument irritates the Turk. He murmurs that "the military party"* in St. Petersburg was the author of the Arrangement of 1900, and that its motive was to veto the construction of railways leading to the Russian frontiers, because there must be no strategic lines directed towards Russia, who dislikes strong neighbours. "You treated Persia in the same way," exclaims Young Turkey; "you debarred her by express stipulation from building any railways at all for quite a number of years. And now you would deal with us in the same unneighbourly fashion. Surely that policy is unworthy of the twentieth century—so unworthy that you will yourselves desist from it spontaneously. We admit that the proposed railway will strengthen us not only economically, but also strategically. But what of that? It would take a good deal of strengthening to make Turkey dangerous to Russia. Does Russia really fear us? We are a nation of some twenty-five mil-

* The "Military Party" in Russia, like the "Grand Ducal Party" of whic one still reads and hears abroad, is become a mere myth.

lions all told. You number one hundred and sixty millions. The surplus which you put by after having collected your enormous revenue and paid your expenses is about equal to our total income. Surely Turkey may well be let grow to her full height and strength without disquieting Russia. The ram, it is true, has horns for defence and offence, but he is not on that account a match for the elephant."

"We look to Europe for light and leading, but what we have hitherto found is neither. Italy—the pioneer of pacificism and arbitration—has sprung a war upon us in the teeth of elementary international law, and has torn up the most sacred treaties. She tells us that we were guilty of criminal neglect in failing to build railways and generally to civilise our African provinces. Well, we are now setting about making railways within our own frontiers, and Russia cries, 'No! I forbid you.' Is this fair? If Russia has reasonable grounds for asking us to modify our building scheme, or to make other concessions, we are quite willing to meet her in a spirit of friendliness and compromise. If she refuse to join her railways on to ours, we shall accept the situation. If she lay down conditions, we will entertain them most favourably. In a word, we are ready to give full weight to her every representation. For our need is pressing. Our population is suffering want in good years and in bad for lack of communications. It is not a neighbourly act to compel them to go on suffering and hinder us from coming to their assistance and making railways in our own land."

Such is the state of the question as between Turkey and Russia. The view of it taken in Paris is identical with that expressed in Constantinople. Turkey's right is upheld there to negotiate a general loan in France, to use the proceeds as part of her revenue, and draw from that the wherewithal to pay for the building of the railway. It is further maintained that the Russo-Turkish Arrangement of 1900 does not debar the Porte from signing a building contract with one company and a contract of exploitation with another; all that it forbids being a railway concession to any but Russian subjects. If the notes exchanged in 1900, but never yet published, were laid before unbiassed lawyers, they would, it is affirmed, give it as their opinion that Turkey, when reserving to herself the right of building

the railways by way of contract, did not bind herself and was not bound by the stipulations embodied in the notes to draw the money requisite from her ordinary revenue.

French political jurisconsults seek to turn the tables and argue that in reality there are no Russian capitalists able and willing to finance the contemplated Black Sea lines, so that the Russian concession would be the flimsiest of fictions. The conditions are almost deterrent. In the year 1900 M. Nelidoff stipulated that Russian concessionnaires, if ever the enterprise were handed over to them, should obtain the same terms as those enjoyed by the Germans for the Baghdad Railway. And it was then assumed that this was a stroke of good business. But that is now seen to have been a mistake. The decisive conditions are transformed since then. The cost of labour, for instance, is much higher. The country, too, is more rugged than that through which the Baghdad Railway passes. In places the cost per kilometre will be from 60 to 160 per cent. greater.

The French, it is understood, favour a friendly exchange of opinions between the Porte and the Russian Foreign Office, with a view to the modification of the Arrangement of 1900. And the Turks are eager to fall in with the suggestion. The Parliament in Constantinople expressed the hope some two years ago that the Tsar's Government would consent to alter that Arrangement, and an exchange of views on the subject took place. But nothing came of it. The Turks would willingly readjust their own plans so that Russia's economic interests should not be impaired in Persia and the Caucasus.* But they ask that the basis of such negotiations shall be the recognition of Turkey's right to construct railways at home when and where and how she likes. This right she considers indefeasible, and French opinion backs her up.

If Russia remains obstinate, she will inflict a heavy loss upon her own ally without hindering the obnoxious enterprise. She can scare away French investors as in 1902, but for what object? In order to compel them to make room for Americans? Turkey is used to French engineers and to French ways, and she has already carried her negotiations with the two French companies to the point of agree-

* Russia does not admit transit in Northern Persia.

ment. But fearing lest Russia should at the last moment upset the arrangements, the Porte is also discussing terms with an American group.*

The railway as proposed by the French syndicate would run from Samsoun to Sivas, from Sivas to Kharpoot *viâ* Divrik, thence to Erzinghian and Erzeroum. The Americans on their side propose to connect Kharpoot with Diarbekir, and to continue the line thence to Bitlis and Van. Later on they would extend it from Diarbekir to Kerkook, the centre of the petroleum country, to the south-east of the city of Mossoul. The German Baghdad Railway Company had their eyes upon this route and sought to obtain a concession for it from the Ottoman Government, but met with a refusal. Since then they denied that they ever made the request. Lastly, from some point to be fixed upon later on, between Kharpoot and Diarbekir, the American Syndicate would build a line to Yumartalik on the Gulf of Alexandretta. In a word, their idea is to open up and connect the districts where mineral wealth probably exists—Argana, where lead is exploited by the Ottoman States, as it was by Byzance and Rome, and the petroleum country of which Kerkook is the centre. Also between Bitlis and Diarbekir the Americans surmise that there are rich mines. Which of these projects will be ultimately carried out?

The dispute will shortly become acute. At present, unhappily, feeling on the subject runs so high in all three countries that the prospect of an agreement is not promising. As between France and Russia, the Turkish Black Sea Railway system is but one of several grains of sand which impede the smooth working of the Alliance, and which it will be the aim of the two Ministers to remove. M. Poincaré is a man of judicial temper. M. Sazonoff is a fair-minded statesman with a keen sense of the practicable and a rare degree of moral courage. There are good grounds, therefore, for hoping that these two Ministers will contrive to disperse those sand-corns without residue by means compatible with the economic and political interests of their respective countries.

* The Chester group.

English Popular Education

Its Needs and its Political Treatment*

By Lord Sheffield

EVER since the Act of 1902 English popular education has been demanding treatment by Parliament.

No one could suppose that the situation as it was left by Mr. Balfour's Act could be permanent, or could be accepted by the Liberal party.

We have suffered in this country for more than three-quarters of a century from the demand put forward by ecclesiastical organisations, and principally by the Established Church, to arrest the progress of popular education and to dominate its management. The Act of 1870 was mutilated and remained incomplete owing to the ecclesiastical sympathies of Mr. Gladstone, the political influence of the clergy and hierarchy of the Anglican body and their alliance with the Roman Catholics, and the more conservative and denominational section of the Wesleyans. After the passing of that Act, departmental administration systematically strained it in a spirit of partiality to the denominational system which it was intended gradually to supersede. Improvements in education were discouraged or forbidden because these improvements were beyond the means of private managers, and if pressed would have led to the closing of denominational schools. The financial requirements laid down in the Act of 1870 as conditions of public aid to private schools were repeatedly relaxed from 1876 onward till they disappeared altogether. Grants were increased without equivalent increased demands for efficiency. Free education was introduced so as to give a large additional subsidy. In deference to the want of means of managers, schools were flooded with teachers possessing no educational qualification, a special grant to voluntary schools was introduced to compensate them for the absence

* This article will be followed in September by an examination of the English Public School and University system.

of rate aid, buildings were allowed to accommodate children on the basis of eight square feet per child, and how scandalously unsuitable and even unsanitary these schools were was revealed when the Act of 1902 led to surveys of them being made by the local authority. At this moment, throughout the country there are many such schools under condemnation which have been allowed to linger on, not only since 1903, when local authorities first called attention to their defects, but ever since 1870, during all which time the Board of Education has accepted them, sometimes in cellar dwellings, as suitable for the education of children and for the receipt of Parliamentary grants.

How biassed and partial has been the administration of the law by the Board of Education in favour of the so-called voluntary schools may be seen by such facts as these. In Heywood, when the town had actually passed a resolution in favour of a School Board, the sanction of the Board of Education was withdrawn, though their attention was called to an official report on the bad condition of some of the "voluntary" schools. When a few years later the Act of 1902 became law, and the Town Council acquired the rights of School Boards, including that of accepting transfers of schools, the Board of Education refused to sanction, except for a short period while new schools were being provided, the transfer of the same buildings which they had before upheld as suitable and sufficient. And a similar state of things has taken place in many other towns, and at this moment the Board are granting repeated extensions of time and continuing the recognition of schools which should have been closed years ago.

But in spite of this indulgent treatment continued over a series of years, the pressure resulting from a higher standard of educational suitability and from a growing public opinion consequent upon the measure of public management introduced by the Act of 1870, limited as it was in scope, was steadily leading to the extinction of the voluntary schools. The cry went up of an intolerable strain, and a Parliament elected on an appeal to all parties to sink differences and end the Boer War was utilised at the last moment to pay two debts of the Conservative party: one to the drink trade, the other to the clerical forces of the Established Church; and the Act of 1902 imposed on the

ratepayers the obligation of entire maintenance of the voluntary schools, while leaving the effective management and selection of teachers and the old ecclesiastical "atmosphere" to the clerical forces which had hitherto controlled them. Indeed, it is now claimed, and is alleged to be a fair inference from the Judgment of the House of Lords in the Swansea case, that the ratepayers, who have very inferior guarantees for the efficiency of a staff not chosen by them, but chosen by the managers on a restricted competition and with sectarian limitations, shall nevertheless pay these teachers the same salaries they would pay to teachers selected freely by themselves on an open competition without theological or ecclesiastical limitations. Undoubtedly one of the first demands which Liberals should put forward is this: that in schools whose maintenance falls on them, they shall have the absolute selection of the teachers without the imposition of any sectarian test or limitation. But this is only one of many demands which the Liberals should put forth as conditions of the settlement of the education question.

There is an important question to be raised as to the ownership and use of buildings held in trust by the various religious bodies for popular education.

We are told that these buildings are in no sense public property, but the property of the church or sect in whom they are vested, and that the dominant use, if the trust cannot be fully carried out as at present, should be on behalf of the ecclesiastical purpose with which they are associated. I entirely deny this dominant purpose and this claim of right.

The typical trust deed of the National Society declares that these schools are for the education of the children of the labouring class in accordance with the Established Church. In many cases building grants were obtained, the amount of which was based on a calculation of the whole child population of the parish, whether Anglican or Nonconformist. In order to protect the rights of Nonconformists, the Education Department pressed for a conscience clause, which, though sometimes conceded, was resisted by the National Society till it became obligatory by the Act of 1870.

When these schools were built, appeals for aid were

made to all the inhabitants, Nonconformists as well as others. After the Act of 1870, the usual appeal was not to ecclesiastical sympathy, but to the thrifty instinct which feared the burden of a school rate, and the saving to the ratepayers was always a prominent argument in favour of the proposed church school.

If the friends of church schools feel that their church character is vital, they can do now what they did, as a rule, down to 1850: maintain their schools without the aid of a Government grant. Their trust deeds do not require them to be under Government inspection or to receive State aid, and if they wish to receive it, they must submit to such conditions as the State may impose from time to time. But they are not hampered by their trusts. The Act of 1870 expressly provides in Section 99 that the managers may disregard any conditions in their trust deed which prevent them accepting Parliamentary grants. The Act of 1902 expressly set aside one of the most important conditions of the National Society's trust deed, which placed the whole control of the religious teaching under the incumbent, and it was then provided that this teaching should be under the management of all the managers, two of whom are appointed by the local authority. We are told that church endowments belong exclusively to the Church, and cannot be diverted, even in part, to other purposes. Section 13 (2) of the Act of 1902 provides that surplus endowments of a church school shall go in aid of the rates of the parish. No doubt, a very bad application; but still, a recognition of the fact that the beneficiaries of these church endowments are not the Church, but the local population, and a far more secular application of funds resulting from pious founders than any proposed application of the residuary revenues of the Welsh Established Church.

The Court of Chancery inherits the worst traditions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and for a long period has done all it can to give charitable funds to the Church of England. Thus a charity left for the ransoming of captives from the Moors (Betton's Charity) is now applied to subsidising a number of Church of England schools, mostly in Wales, and anyone who will search the schemes for charities settled by the Court of Chancery in the times of Lord Eldon and since then will see how ready the

Church has been, with the help of the Court, to appropriate funds originally left for merely general and parochial uses. So inveterate is the settled policy of the Court of Chancery that it is hard to expect mere judicial decisions at the present day materially to modify that point of view. But Parliament and the Board of Education, which is now entrusted with much of the power formerly given to the Court of Chancery, might well take a new departure.

The parish schools which exist throughout the length and breadth of the land were undoubtedly founded in their primary purpose for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the parish, for the instruction of all the children. No doubt, having regard to the dominant character of the Church of England and to the fact that the squire, who was often the only man who could furnish a site, was a member of that church, the school was founded as a Church of England school. But I maintain that the paramount purpose was the educational benefit of the whole parish by providing for the education of all the children.

If now the managers and trustees are unwilling to turn over the management and control to those who now bear the charge of maintenance, that is the ratepayers, it seems to me quite unreasonable to contend that they may keep for their own denominational use a building stamped with a public trust, and put upon the parishioners, who are really the beneficiaries, the cost of paying three-fourths of a new building, the remaining fourth being a charge on the county to which they also contribute. If under changed circumstances these Anglican trustees retain the use of the building as a Sunday school, if they have reasonable use of the building on weekdays, outside of school hours, for religious or other parochial purposes, and if the building is kept in repair for them, they have as full a share in the benefits of the trust property as they can reasonably ask, unless they are prepared to perform the trust themselves by maintaining at their own cost a competent school, where the instruction is up to the standard now required in an elementary school. The two first items in any satisfactory scheme of educational settlement, in my opinion, are these :—

1. Complete public management and control, with freedom from all ecclesiastical restriction in the schools required for the general education of the country.

2. Free use with full right of structural adaptation of all school buildings held in trust for education, where the trustees are not prepared to carry their schools on themselves either in accord with the conditions for public aid or at their own expense.

If these two conditions be conceded, I would be willing in exceptional cases to allow the recognition of a certain number of schools under conditions to be carefully laid down as eligible for public recognition while remaining outside the general school system of the country. The character of these exceptions and the type of management would be matter of adjustment. But such schools must be in the strictest sense exceptional, and not interfere either in town or country with the establishment for the mass of the community of public schools under public management. The next proposition which I lay down as really needed for the adequate and intelligent expansion of our school system is that the local management should be in the hands of bodies elected for education and for education alone. County Councils and Borough Councils have rather more than they can manage adequately without adding education to their other work. One result of the abolition of School Boards has been to make the administration more bureaucratic and official, and also to lose the services of many whose interest in the work of education made their aid invaluable.

I also think that for elementary education we need a smaller area of administration than the county. Small boroughs and urban councils could develop excellent School Boards, and in rural districts the district council area would generally be adequate, and would enable the smaller local residents to take an active part, from which they are now shut out. The existing areas might be retained for higher education, but the ordinary evening school should revert to the smaller area.

I wish to put on record this, my most serious conviction; at the same time, there are so many important reforms needed that I would not imperil them by insisting at this moment on a reform which would call out active opposition from such powerful bodies as counties and County Boroughs.

Passing on now to reforms which should be insisted on at once.

We want much less red tape in our education administration. The Act of 1902 introduced the Local Government Board as an extra check and court of review on school plans and loans. When plans have been approved by the Board of Education there is no need to bring another Government department into action inviting at least delay and sometimes cost and reduced efficiency.

In the acquisition of sites a prompter and simpler method is made. It seems to me, when such large powers are given for the acquisition of land without coming to Parliament for such objects as allotments, small holdings, road improvement, town planning, etc., we might well have a simple and prompt machinery, with an appeal not beyond the Board of Education, for the acquisition of sites needed in connection with the work of education. In London a mischievous interference with the work of the Education Authority was introduced when the local Boroughs were allowed a voice which the Board of Education has interpreted as a veto on sites proposed by the authority responsible for the purchase. These subordinate authorities are often more anxious to clear a slum or to improve an awkward corner, or to protect what they call good rateable property, than to secure the site best suited for the children. As the whole cost falls on London, it is a small matter if the site they advocate costs £10,000 more, of which they may, perhaps, bear only a few hundreds, if they retain a rateable value worth £100 a year more to them than the site they oppose, or if they get a local improvement at the cost of all London, when they should carry out the improvement at a cost of some thousands to themselves.

But when these and other improvements in educational machinery are secured, we still have to do the main work to improve the education itself.

It is a deplorable thing that with an example so near as that of Scotland of what may be done in the way of liberal popular education, we should still lag so far behind.

The Scotch no doubt had several advantages over us at starting.

When the Scotch Education Act was passed, the schools

of the Scotch Established Church, the parochial schools maintained by the heritors were transferred to the School Boards.

Thus from the beginning the Board Schools, or Public Schools, as they are called in Scotland, covered the whole of the country, and there was no powerful ecclesiastico-political organisation with private interests to promote, engaged in a continual effort to prevent the national system from spreading, or to try to keep down its efficiency. Secondly, the Scotch, by means of the parochial schools, which, though not public in their management, were based on compulsory public support, were accustomed to the idea of a national school system which, since the days of John Knox, had in theory been a national obligation, though the effective enforcement of that obligation had been somewhat inadequate. Thirdly, the word elementary did not appear in the Scotch Education Act, and though for some time the rating powers of Scotch School Boards were limited to elementary education, yet gradually the theoretic legal power of maintaining schools of a more liberal character was recognised.

Fourthly, School Boards were universal, and therefore there was no constant struggle to prevent a public authority based on popular election from coming into being. Lastly, though the parochial schools had many shortcomings, they were recognised by tradition as the schools for all; of the laird, and of the minister as well as of the farmer and the ploughman, and there were generally one or two boys in these schools whose ambition reached to the university, which was also far more popular in Scotland than in England. Still, there is no reason why a few moderate amendments in the English law should not secure the same power of expansion to our English schools as exists in Scotland. Many people talk as if the increase in the number of secondary schools, and a reasonable number of free places in them from the elementary schools was an adequate solution of this part of the educational problem. It is nothing of the sort.

I have no objection to an increase in the number of secondary schools. I am glad to see scholarships to them from the elementary schools, though mere free places—which is the official meaning of the word scholarship—are

totally insufficient to satisfy the needs even of those who wish to pass to the secondary schools.

But in the first instance, we want a far more liberal conception of what should be possible in the elementary school. Before the Cockerton judgment in the later School Board days, higher grade schools were being established, and in some places were making a fair development, though for the sake of earning a better grant they were too generally organised in a narrow way with too scientific a curriculum as what were known as organised science schools and schools of science.

After the Cockerton judgment the Government professed an intention of creating "higher elementary schools" to satisfy the requirements of legality; but these higher elementary schools were for several years schools with the same narrow curriculum as the old schools of science, and the Board of Education refused to recognise them on any liberal scale even when School Boards made application. The policy of the Board of Education then was, and to a great extent it still is, by using the two magical words "co-ordination" and "overlapping" to prevent any expansion of the elementary school curriculum, and rather to lower what was done already than to facilitate progress.

The strict exclusion of scholars before they had completed their sixteenth year was another effective means of arresting the upward growth of the elementary school.

It may be safely said that if elementary schools with a liberal curriculum were encouraged there might be ten scholars who would stay on to the age of fifteen or sixteen for one who would leave for a secondary school. Moreover, the policy is to take the child who is to go to a secondary school out of the elementary school at the age of twelve or thirteen at most.

What are the latest figures for England and Wales for the year 1909–10? There were on the roll 6,071,455 children; of these fewer than 11,000 were in higher elementary schools in 215 schools, or less than ·2 per cent. There were in Scotland by the last report 24,083 scholars in 196 higher grade schools, or a total roll of 848,000, or 2·8 per cent.

If there were the same proportion of scholars in England in higher elementary schools as there are in Scotland

in higher grade schools, there would be 170,000 instead of about 11,000.

But in Scotland, in addition to the higher grade schools, they have in ordinary schools what they call supplementary classes, and we have nothing corresponding to this in England. There were about 47,000 scholars in these supplementary classes, which are gradually being made compulsory in all Scotch schools. A corresponding proportion would give 336,000 scholars in supplementary classes in English schools. In Scotland these scholars earned grants of from 50*s*. to 55*s*. a head, besides considerable additional grants for science, manual instruction, cookery, &c., and the fee grant. If we could get grants for our higher elementary schools for what are now being called "central schools," and for the upper classes of our ordinary schools on Scotch lines, and if, moreover, scholars were allowed to stay beyond sixteen, we should give a great stimulus to our local authorities to improve the education of our elder scholars, and breathe a new spirit into our popular education. Unfortunately, those concerned in the conduct of our secondary schools are in many cases jealous of the expansion of our elementary schools. They want the promising young scholars sent on to them, and the sooner the better, in their opinion. The consequence is that our secondary schools are filled with transient scholars who come for a year or two, leave at 15½ or 16, and merely wish to get the name of having been educated in a secondary school. But, unfortunately, our modern education authorities have not the keen interest in the schools that many members of the School Boards had. They are overloaded with work, and therefore rely more on their experts, who weave a magic circle between them and the schools, and are in some places even jealous that the members of the local authority should see official documents and correspondence till they have been served up cooked and ready for the easy digestion of the committees before whom they are to come.

The changes in curriculum and liberalising the scope of our elementary schools could be brought about mainly without legislation. We are restrained as to age by the statutory limit of fifteen, but so few scholars take advantage of the present legal maximum that this is not a very serious

hindrance, and it might largely disappear if in the few schools where it operates the Board of Education would use its legal power to grant an extension of age in the case of a particular school. It is want of good will, not want of power, that keeps down our elementary schools. But an alteration of the code, which the Board of Education could effect to-morrow with the consent of the Treasury, would work wonders. Indeed, if the Board of Education were to take off 1*s.* a head from the grant for all scholars under twelve, and give a more liberal grant to scholars over twelve, where a generous scheme of teaching is introduced, education would be greatly improved without increasing the total grant.

Thus there are less than 5,000,000 scholars under twelve in our schools, and 1*s.* each from them would give £250,000. There are rather more than 1,100,000 scholars over twelve, and if 200,000 of them were to receive a more liberal course of teaching with an extra grant for a three or four years' course, beginning with an extra pound for the first year, 30*s.* for the second year, and £2 for the third and fourth years, such classes would soon be formed in many centres, and they might be economical by collecting the small classes in separate schools into central schools in towns and populous districts.

But if we are to improve our schools, we must above all improve our teachers. At present, outside of our large towns, the schools are very largely staffed with uncertificated teachers. In Scotland in a few years there will be none but trained, certificated teachers in the elementary schools.

It is high time that the code should require a larger proportion of certificated and trained teachers. There was a foolish and unfounded scare a couple of years ago about the excessive number of certificated teachers. Now people are finding out that so far from there being an excess, there is a serious deficiency. It will be necessary to impose on local authorities the obligation, as one of the conditions of a grant, to secure a certain number of candidates for teacherships at the initial stages of the profession. We have destroyed, or nearly destroyed, the old pupil-teacher system, and are introducing people to the training colleges through the secondary schools. We shall have to consider carefully whether here we should not adopt more of the Scotch

method, and receive young people at about sixteen who show some aptitude and fitness for teaching, and not merely those of whom we cannot positively say that they are unfit; and during the two or three years of secondary instruction we must take care that as in Scotland they are taught some of the things which will be most important to them as teachers, such as singing, drawing, physical training, with some knowledge of hygiene, and, in the case of girls, needlework, including cutting-out.

All these matters are borne in mind in Scotland without prejudice to general education, and many of these students are taught in higher grade schools. We must not scorn this type of school in seeking not only for candidates willing to become bursars, or whatever name we may give them, but also in carrying forward the education of the young people so selected. The proposals which I have sketched out do not exhaust what is needed for the improvement of our popular education. But they would make a good start.

Meantime, we are face to face with the serious difficulty that our local authorities are resenting keenly the increasing burden on the rates. If we are to carry them with us as willing co-operators we must offer considerable help from the taxes.

But that help should be coupled with the condition of corresponding local effort. At present one of the duties which local authorities try most to evade is that of building schools both to meet the progress of population and to replace condemned buildings. In rural districts the common practice of charging three-quarters of the cost to the immediate locality causes great local opposition to any proposal to provide a good school. It is suggested that both for outstanding loans and for new school provision, the State should provide half the interest and sinking fund, with some reasonable upper limit of cost both for site and for building. The loan charges for England and Wales came by the last published account to rather more than £2,700,000 for elementary education. If Parliament paid half these, it might be required that of the remaining half in counties, one half only should fall on the smaller area and the other half on the county. If half future loans were to be provided from public money for new schools, enlargements, and recon-

structions for six years, that would secure that the existing bad buildings would be promptly replaced, and the new buildings required would be promptly supplied.

It would be well to extend the same aid from the Exchequer to higher education, which at present bears a loan charge of about £314,000.

If the local authorities got this substantial measure of relief, they might well be required to provide a better staff with a larger proportion of certificated teachers, and to do more for the training of teachers, and also to meet a fair proportion of the extra cost of higher grade schools and supplementary classes. I consider if altogether about £1,500,000 went in relief of the present loan account, the expenditure on buildings for the next six years might amount to £2,000,000 a year, a total of £12,000,000, which at 5 per cent. interest and sinking fund would create a charge of £600,000 a year, of which half would be paid from taxes.

Thus if the State were to increase the education grants by £2,000,000 a year, there would be about £200,000 free to apply in additional grants to encourage higher education and better staff after relieving the ratepayers of £1,800,000 a year of loan charges. I am satisfied that the demands of education must be met by a great effort from the taxes as well as from the rates, if we are to make adequate progress.

In all that I have written I have said nothing about what is called the religious question. But I will say a very few words in conclusion.

My experience, after many years' familiarity with popular education, is that the "religious" difficulty is manufactured by ecclesiastics, and does not express a popular feeling. I quite agree that among the Roman Catholics the influence of the priests is sufficient to create a substantial difficulty among the laity of that Church, and for such as these I would allow special and exceptional treatment as already indicated. But among Protestants it is non-existent. When a Church School has been transferred to a School Board or a Council, the children have not left that school for a neighbouring Church School. The teachers teach the same kind of religion in very much the same way in Church Schools, Wesleyan Schools, Council

Schools. Members of County Councils, largely conservative in politics, have drawn up their syllabus of Scripture teaching very much like old School Board syllabuses, and they have had no complaint from Anglican colleagues that they are giving preferential treatment to a form of colourless religion, which is odious to the sincere believer. On the contrary, it will be found that the kind of clergy who in convocation denounce this State preference of diluted Christianity, this municipal interference with the prerogative of the Church to define and teach Christian doctrine, have themselves aided and abetted the drawing up of these syllabuses, and have taken part in distributing prizes for proficiency in the knowledge imparted. The various schemes for introducing the Churches and their teaching into the Council School are not desired by those who send their children to the school, are hated by the teachers, and are unpopular with the local authorities who administer the schools.

It is quite true that there is a theoretical injustice in teaching any form of religion, diluted or undiluted, at the expense of all in schools used by all, and when the extreme High Church can persuade the bulk of Anglicans to demand that the public school shall be neutral, I will support their demand. But undoubtedly this prevalent system of general Bible teaching is popular throughout the country, and is widely adopted. It may lead to some insincerity among the teachers, and results often in evasive and antiquated teaching of the Bible from a point of view which is many years behind the teaching of the pulpit to-day, both in church and chapel. But at any rate, it depends for existence upon local goodwill, and can be changed whenever the public opinion of the locality demands it. It is to my mind evidence rather of general indifference than of general earnestness. In Wales, where definite theology has a greater hold on the people than in England, the schools are not the instrument for teaching dogma, but the chapels and their weekday as well as Sunday teaching. To my mind, the one paramount object to be aimed at in educational reform is to bring our school system under the direct effective management of the local community, and to free it from ecclesiastical interference. This direct public local management will free our school system from the rivalry

of competing aims, civic on the one side, ecclesiastical on the other.

The civic system is winning its way. It now numbers about sixty per cent. of the scholars, against 40 per cent. in the sectarian schools. That is, the public system outnumbers the private system by 50 per cent. But this growth is slow and at each step provokes controversy and bitterness. When our public system is as national and universal as in Scotland, we shall all be pulling at one end of the rope, instead of having a tug-of-war. If with this popularising of administration we can give an impetus to the improvement of our schools similar to what exists in Scotland, we shall see such progress in the next twenty years that I hope the country will of its own accord feel that education is worthy of a separate administration, the whole of whose working will be concentrated in education alone.

When should Marriage be Dissolved?

By Earl Russell

ENGLAND stands almost alone amongst Protestant nations in her refusal to recognise any cause for divorce other than adultery. This attitude is a mediæval one, as a brief examination of the history of the question will show. In more barbarous ages the wife was the chattel of the husband. She had no rights except through him—she had no duties except to him. Wrongs committed by her were, and are to the present day deemed to be committed by the husband, and wrongs inflicted upon her were wrongs against the husband as her owner. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this, but merely to point to the Roman doctrine of *patria potestas*, the full rigour of which died away as Rome became more civilised, and in English Law to the doctrine of Petty Treason, if a wife murdered or conspired against her husband. So also by the English Law until the Married Woman's Property Act, all her personal possessions became his absolutely, and he had the enjoyment of her land during coverture. The liability of the husband for her torts still exists, and another survival of this view is to be found in the doctrine of felonies committed by a wife in the presence of her husband. If a wife suffered an injury, it was the husband who sought redress, either with his sword or through the Courts of Law. Given this mediæval conception in full force, adultery became merely a special case of a wrong done to the husband, which entitled him not only to punish the adulterer without the assistance of the law, or by an action for *crim. con.*, but also to put away and get rid of the damaged goods in the shape of the faithless wife. As until 1857 the marriage law of the land was ecclesiastical, and as the Church had

retained the Roman Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage, the husband was not able to put her away so effectually as to leave him free to marry another woman, but only to separate her from bed and board. When divorce *a vinculo* was introduced in 1857 women had begun to have some sort of individual status, and some kind of feeble sense of justice towards women influenced the public mind, so that the remedy which had only been the husband's had to be grudgingly and partially extended to the wronged wife also. The offence, however, which made the remedy possible remained unchanged, and in spite of various attempts in both Houses of Parliament, the historical sense of continuity was too strong for those reformers who strove to introduce other causes for divorce.

In the year 1857 the proportion of legislators and persons in authority subject to the influence of ecclesiastical tradition and to archaic views of woman as a chattel was probably of the order of nine-tenths, whereas it is to be hoped in the year 1912 they do not perhaps exceed one-half, except in the House of Lords, always a store-house of outlived traditions. It may therefore be worth while to examine merely with the eye of a jurist or social reformer the reasons which make or mar a successful marriage, without going so far as to introduce the indelicacies of that reluctant celibate Paul, who apparently regarded marriage as merely providing a legitimate outlet for carnal lust, or the frankness of the Prayer Book on the subject; though undoubtedly one of the objects of marriage, and a very important one, is to provide a legitimate sex relation. From the point of view of the race, the most important object is, of course, the procreation of children, while from the point of view of either man or woman of a certain age, probably its chief essential is intimate companionship. To the eye of the sane maker of laws it would seem that the special contract of partnership known as marriage should be dissolved altogether when it has failed in its object, and when the partners are no longer carrying on business together, but living separate (subject always to the one special difficulty of the partnership assets which have been created in the shape of children), and it is on this basis that I propose to deal with the grounds other than adultery which should properly give rise to divorce.

Adultery itself may well be retained as a legitimate ground for divorce, since both husband and wife object from a sort of possessive feeling to sharing the peculiar relations of married life with others, and although these objections are stronger in some cases than in others, there is hardly any case where a state of polygamy or polyandry can co-exist with mutual goodwill and respect. In the cases which do exist, the relations between the lawful husband and wife have generally become platonic or practically so. Moreover, in the case of the woman, there is a special objection to adultery, owing to the doubt as to the paternity of the children, since few people are sufficiently altruistic to wish to bring up other men's offspring. Where, however, the situation is not complicated with strong religious views, or strong sentimental views about chastity, it may well be that an isolated act of adultery is far less disruptive of the home life than some of the other causes that we shall have to consider.

Let us next take desertion. Where either husband or wife leaves the joint establishment, deserts the home, abandons the children, and is never seen or heard of again, there is as complete destruction of the partnership of marriage as could be caused by death itself. None of the reasons urged either by the Prayer Book or by more modern writers in favour of the sanctity of the home and the sanctity of the marriage tie remain. There is no possibility of the legitimate sanction of carnal appetites, on which Paul and the Prayer Book lay such great stress: there is no mutual help and comfort, and no cherishing: and finally there is no question of the influence of the deserting parent upon the children or their upbringing, and no question of keeping together the home, nor is there any legitimate opportunity for being fruitful and multiplying. Yet in these circumstances England almost alone among the nations denies all redress. Across the border in Scotland, four years' desertion is a ground for divorce; in all the Protestant countries of Europe it is a ground, and in nearly all the States of America and our Colonies. Instance after instance has been brought before my notice in which a husband has emigrated to Canada or to the United States or to South Africa, with the intention of deserting his wife and family, and has never been seen or heard of again.

Since the Jackson case it has been established as the law of the land that a wife may desert her husband at the church door, before the marriage between the parties has ever emerged from the mere state of a religious ceremony and a legal tie, without his having the power to do anything to make it a reality. I have never been able to understand the state of mind of those worthy and pious people who in connection with facts of this nature continue to prate about the sanctity of the home and the terrible effect of allowing marriages to be rashly dissolved. Marriages which have been terminated by desertion are dissolved so far as every single point of the contract is concerned, and for the law to refuse to recognise this is to shut its eyes to obvious and patent facts incapable of denial. As well might it be said that if two young men had adventured jointly on a business enterprise and one of them after a year or two fled to America and disappeared from human ken, his partner should never be allowed to wind up the partnership or to take another partner.

Consider next the question of lunacy. If one of the spouses becomes insane and is confined for years in an asylum, what essential of married life remains for the other spouse? It is often argued that there is something noble and touching in the sorrowing spouse waiting patiently some ten or twenty years for the other partner to recover his or her reason. No doubt there is, but these acts of exalted sentimentality should be voluntary, if they are to have any moral value, and should not be enforced by a species of sexual suttee. From the eugenic point of view, moreover, it is not particularly desirable that breeding from a feeble-minded or insane stock should be encouraged. I heard the Archbishop of York at the Divorce Commission put a poser to a witness something in this form. "Do you say that divorce should be granted for serious physical ill-health? If not, why should it be granted for mental ill-health?" The only logical answer to his question is that divorce should also be granted for physical ill-health of such a character as to make married life impossible, if the other spouse desires it. This may seem somewhat brutal and unfeeling towards the afflicted person, but I think the converse is apt to be equally brutal to the healthy person, and I am not sure that persons in good health have

not, from the race point of view, the first right to be considered. At any rate, while human nature remains what it is, it is exceedingly probable that they would consider themselves and take out in lovers or concubines what the law refuses to allow them as husband or wife.

Long terms of imprisonment may well be treated as analogous to long confinement in an asylum. Habitual drunkenness, cruelty, or other similar grounds sometimes urged may well be put to the test of separation, by which I mean that if they are so serious that the one spouse prefers definitely and finally to leave the other, rather than to endure them, the case may be treated as one of desertion, although while women remain economically dependent the interposition of any long period of delay may leave them penniless, or put the remedy out of the question for them because their children will be starving.

The thesis with which I am now dealing is that if divorce is allowed for adultery it may, and as a matter of logical necessity and simple justice ought, to be allowed for other causes also. I am not dealing with the advantages and disadvantages of divorce itself, and it will be found that on this specific point there are authorities who could not be regarded as anxious to encourage divorce in itself. For example, Mr. Gladstone said in 1857, "We have many causes far more fatal to the great obligations of marriage, such as disease, idiocy, crime involving imprisonment for life, which, if the bond is dissoluble, might be urged as a reason for divorce." At the same date Lord Lyndhurst said, after referring to the obligations of marriage, "When he disregards that obligation, when he defeats all the objects for which marriage has been instituted, when he passes into a distant country with a view to cutting off all communication between him and his wife, is it right or just that she should still be bound to him by our marriage law?" Associating himself a few days later with Lord Hutchinson in a written protest, he repeats, "By wilful desertion not only is this sacred promise impiously violated, but all the purposes for which this ordinance of God was instituted are wholly frustrated. Even in the most ordinary contract, the breach of it on the one side puts an end to the obligation on the other, and we see no reason why a different rule should be applied to the contract of marriage,

and more especially in a case destructive of the entire objects of the union."

Lord Shand wrote in *The Times* on the 23rd of April, 1891, "It seems to me that it must be a question of time only when divorce for deliberate and persistent desertion must become the right of a deserted spouse by the law of England as it has already for centuries been by the law of Scotland, where the results have been certainly beneficial. . . . Desertion is as truly a violation of the conjugal obligations as adultery."

The Times itself made the same suggestion in a leading article on March 20th, 1891. Even a Roman Catholic organ, viz., *The Catholic Herald*, on May 25th of this year says: "The Catholic Church is perfectly well aware that if for one cause marriage may be dissolved why not for another."

Let us now consider the question generally apart from specific cases. It is often assumed that these relaxations of the legal tie and extensions of divorce will lead to loose conduct on the part of the community. This line of argument is based on a profound misapprehension, viz., that individuals are guided in their conduct by the law, and not by their own feelings and dispositions. In the case of a person of definite religious beliefs or a person in whom unformulated aspirations and ideals take the place of religious beliefs, conduct is regulated by an individual ethical standard and the law is conformed to either because it falls far short of the requirements of the ethical standard. or in matters of no moral importance for the sake of convenience. The law does not forbid a man to sell a broken-down horse for the best price he can get for it, provided he indulges in no active deception, but a gentleman does not do it. The law does not punish many business dealings which fall as far short of high ethical standards as they do of legal fraud. The finer feelings, the nobler sentiments, the most admired actions do not derive in any way from law, but from individual impulses and ideals and rules of conduct. Widows and widowers are not forbidden by our law to marry again, but many of them remain faithful to their memories of the lost and do not marry again because they do not desire it. The law must not, however. set up these standards for other people, but in a just and

sound system must confine itself to legislating so as not to inflict unnecessary suffering upon individuals or to impose restrictions beyond what is necessary for the protection of others. It may well be that a faithful spouse is willing to wait during a long term of imprisonment or during confinement in an asylum for the release of husband or wife, but where this is not so the law has no right to require it. It may be that deserted wives prefer awaiting indefinitely the return of their husbands to contracting fresh alliances, but the law has no right to place this obligation upon them. The original excuse (apart from the religious one) which the law had for interfering with the status of marriage was the necessity for protecting the material interests of wives and children and to a considerable extent this excuse is still a valid one. It is necessary, therefore, to have regard in any modification of the harshness of the marriage tie to these interests and to see that they are protected as part of the grant of freedom. In this respect, practically no change is necessary in the present provisions of the Divorce Act.

When, however, the law endeavours to go beyond these material questions and to go beyond what is required in the interests of society, it necessarily fails. The evidence of its failure is the formation of extra-legal and anti-moral relations between man and woman. The deserted wife takes another man who is not her husband for her protector; the man whose wife is in an asylum may and does have children, but illegitimate ones; the husband and wife who are living apart, either voluntarily or after a judicial separation, contract relationships which it is not desirable to encourage. This truth was recognised by speaker after speaker in the House of Lords and the House of Commons in 1857, and men so diverse as Archbishop Cranmer, the Bishop of Exeter in 1857, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Plowden, and finally Lord Gorell in 1908, have expressed this view in the strongest possible manner.

Seeing then, as we have, that the law conflicts with common sense and ordinary human instincts, by what is our present system of theoretically monogamic and practically indissoluble marriage maintained? It is partly based upon illicit semi-permanent relations not differing greatly from those of marriage itself, but it is still more broadly

based upon the provision of an outlet in the shape of wide-spread prostitution, almost universal in monogamic countries. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, sums up the position in this flaming passage: "That unhappy being whose very name is a shame to speak: who counterfeits with a cold heart the transports of affection, and submits herself as the passive instrument of lust: who is scorned and insulted as the vilest of her sex, and doomed, for the most part, to disease and abject wretchedness and an early death, appears in every age as the perpetual symbol of the degradation and sinfulness of man. Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. But for her, the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted, and not a few who, in the pride of their untempted chastity, think of her with an indignant shudder, would have known the agony of remorse and of despair. On that one degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilisations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

This is no picture to be contemplated unmoved by sane and upright men and women, yet nearly every man knows in his heart that it is true. That fair-seeming edifice based largely upon fraud, the sanctity of the home, often encloses an inconstant husband and a subdued and hopeless wife. Such homes as these and such morals as these are not the ideal of a free people in a free country, and it is the blighting influence of ecclesiasticism that we have to thank for this wide-spread curse of artificial and degrading sex relations. For if the edifice is outwardly fair-seeming, those who inhabit it suffer an atrophy of the finer and keener feelings, suffer a lowering of their moral self-respect and a deadening of their life which does harm to them and does harm in its turn to the community of which they are members. The influence of this blight is reflected in legislation and in the general social outlook upon questions of the utmost importance, and the young and growing generation suffer most of all until they are moulded into some sort of conformity with the world of moral make-believe.

The witch-doctor and the medicine-man, the curse of every savage tribe, evolve themselves in due course into

the priest and the church, who have been for centuries the curse of civilisation, and whose perversions and dogmas are responsible for giving vice all the attractiveness it has, instead of making the healthy path of virtue the natural and attractive one. Their hand is seen not only in sex matters, but also in matters of education and in our smug self-satisfaction with the condition of the poor in a country that is called civilised. The root of the evil that is to be attacked lies here; for it remains as true as in the time of Lucretius—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

The Gold Supply, Currency, and the Labour Unrest

By A. Rawlinson

WHILE the rise in prices on the one hand, and the drop in the value of gilt-edged securities on the other, are phenomena that have separately been attracting considerable attention, it has not been generally appreciated that they both alike have a common origin in the immensely increased output of gold during the last ten or fifteen years.

Clearly, to take an extreme case, if it were possible magically to double the stock of gold and gold currency held by the public and the banks, the price of all commodities and property would rapidly soar to about double their present monetary value, while consols, debentures, and other bonds, which really represent currency, would suffer a very considerable fall.

Such securities would be in direct competition with other securities and investments representative of rapidly appreciating commodities and property.

Speaking generally, it may be said that a diminishing gold production connotes an appreciating currency, falling prices of commodities, low rates of interest and discount, high prices of securities representing actual money, and depression in the productive industries.

Such, indeed, were the conditions that prevailed prior to 1900, when the output of gold in the world had been for a long period of time comparatively insignificant.

On the contrary, an increasing production of gold connotes a depreciating currency, rising prices of commodities, higher rates of interest and discount, low prices in consols, bonds, and debentures, and great activity in the productive industries.

And such, generally, are the conditions that have

prevailed during the last ten or twelve years of increasing gold production.

From a purely national point of view, Great Britain, as the chief creditor nation, is particularly prejudiced by any serious depreciation of the standard of value.

Foreign indebtedness is discharged by the importation of produce and merchandise, so that a rise of 25 to 30 per cent. in the prices of commodities simply implies that the debtor nations are paying 25 to 30 per cent. less for the accommodation than was contemplated at the time when most of the loans were negotiated.

Rising prices of commodities are consequently all in favour of new countries with large indebtedness to the old world. The weight of their indebtedness is thereby materially relieved, and they are all once more in the market for fresh capital on attractive terms. This, indeed, is an epitome of the economic history of many of the new and progressive countries during the past few years.

But while for the rich of the old world there are compensations, there can be very little doubt that the real sufferers from a marked depreciation in the currency are the wage-earning classes of the older civilisations.

Wages are always the last thing to move upwards, so that history records more than one occasion when conditions of positive famine were the unexpected result of a rise in prices consequent on the dishonest debasement of the currency by kings and governments. The famines of 1124, 1248, 1390, and 1586 may be mentioned by way of illustration. (See Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. IX. page 26.)

The governments of to-day, it is true, are in no way responsible for the increased output of gold, nor directly for the depreciation in the purchasing power of the currency that is its consequence.

Nevertheless, the essential purpose of money being to furnish a reliable standard of value as a medium of exchange, it is clearly a governmental duty to maintain its stability.

It is not so long ago that the Government of India was confronted with a problem of a somewhat similar nature through the heavy and rapid depreciation of silver, which was then its standard of value.

Though concerned with a population which will and does starve before it will revolt, the Government was faced with the very serious economic difficulty that it received its revenue in depreciating rupees, and had to discharge annually very considerable liabilities in what at that time was appreciating gold.

There was consequently a constantly recurring deficit of revenue against a constantly increasing expenditure, as measured in rupees. On the one hand, the sources of direct and indirect taxation appeared to be nearly exhausted. On the other, distress and famine amongst the wage-earning fringe of the population was chronic, and the entire body of governmental employees were clamouring for increased remuneration to make good the serious depreciation in the purchasing power of their salaries.

The Indian Government satisfactorily solved the problem by closing the mints to the free coinage of silver, and, by limiting the further mintage of currency, it gradually raised the value of the rupee from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* relatively to the sovereign, and has successfully maintained it at this fixed ratio of exchange ever since.

This experience of currency reform in India has demonstrated in a very practical and indisputable manner the truth of the quantitative theory of the value of money, and similar action on the part of any other country or countries would clearly be productive of similar results.

Just as it was possible for India, by a restriction of the further mintage of silver successfully to raise the value of the rupee by 30 per cent., so must it be possible for all or any gold-standard country or countries to check, if they so wish, any further depreciation in the purchasing power of their currencies by a comparatively moderate restriction in respect to the mintage of gold.

And in the same way as India has succeeded in permanently maintaining the value of its rupees at a fixed ratio of 1*s.* 4*d.* relatively to the sovereign, so can any or all other countries, if they so wish, permanently maintain the purchasing power of their currencies at a fixed ratio relatively to commodities in general.

The only governmental interference involved in the introduction and maintenance of such settled standard of

value would be, at the outset, the inclusion in the currency of all existing gold reserves held by banks or other institutions, and *thereafter* the simple control of all additions to the currency, so as to maintain its purchasing power in an unaltered relationship to commodities in general.

The price of commodities as a whole is computable under the method employed by the *Economist* and Mr. Sauerbeck almost to a decimal point.

If this price displayed a tendency to fall, the currency would be appropriately increased, if to rise, the mintage of fresh currency would be restricted.

Owing to the foreign exchange inconveniences involved in a distinct and individual standard of value, it is highly improbable that any one country would venture to adopt a fresh standard of value single-handed. Once, however, a reliable standard was adopted by any group or association of countries, it would tend to enforce, so to speak, its own self-propagation.

Its practical operation would dispel many current monetary misconceptions, and compel recognition of the fundamental fact that uncontrolled additions to the volume of a national currency do not add one iota to the national wealth, but merely diminish *pro tanto* the purchasing power of its current coin.

It is probably true that neither experience nor argument will suffice to inaugurate a currency reform, however theoretically desirable or however much the social injustice and economic disadvantages of an unstable standard of value are exposed.

But if the present rise in prices of commodities continues, the instability of the standard of value will cease to be a matter merely of academic interest, and will rapidly become one of very practical political importance. It appears by no means inconceivable that the more forceful arguments of revolt and revolution may compel the Governments of the world to consider the only remedy that seems calculated to go to the root of the evil, viz., the establishment of an international standard of value on a truly scientific basis.

Plays of the Month

Yeats and the Irish Theatre

The Countess Cathleen, by W. B. Yeats, is not a new play, having been produced in the face of vehement opposition in Dublin in 1899, but it has been considerably added to since then, and so at The Court the other day we most of us saw it for the first time.

This is the true Yeats, strung with demonology and peasant lore of olden time—a fine poetical work. However, I am not the man to criticise the poet. I judge it simply on its theatrical merits, and dreamy, Yeats-ian as it is, the drama of it is curiously moving, and, in places, beautiful as the *Playboy* of Synge.

> "I shatter you in fragments, for the face
> That brimmed you up with beauty is no more;
> And die, dull heart, for you that were a mirror
> Are but a ball of passionate dust again!"

No one with a soul can forget those lines. As a play the *Countess* is infinitely superior to *Deirdre*, largely, no doubt, because of the exquisite parable of the demon merchants who buy souls and the Countess who sells hers for the starving people. Touched with a poet's wand, the drama is a beautiful thing of pathos and tragedy, and from it there seems to speak the soul of a new and regenerated Ireland beating the air for freedom. Had Mr. Yeats never written anything else, this play would have stamped him a poet.

Afterwards there was a new play by William Boyle, *The Building Fund*, which has the savour of Balzac. As in the plays of Lady Gregory, the characterisation is extraordinarily vivid and touched off, but it is a man's work, strong, relentless, and cruel. Though it has *longueurs* and is perhaps inclined to drag, we come to grips from the very outset with true homespun, with tragedy that has neither melodrama nor stage action of any kind, but yet is comedy,

as is the usual way in life. Its tragedy lies in the cynicism, the brutishness of these peasant people, an old woman miser and her miser son, a girl who goes to work in the household to see what influence she can make upon the will, and a young fellow who courts her for the same reason, with another man who is a type of the peasant philosopher. A study in character, nothing more; yet so real, so pregnant with local atmosphere, so horrible in its pitiless delineation of miserly greed and avarice that one is thrilled as the physical force acting of Grasso stirs us, or the contortions in a death scene by Sada Yacco.

We have in this play a realism unknown on our London stage, work reminiscent of the power of Strindberg, who, no doubt, now that he is dead, English audiences may soon have an opportunity to hear of. In the whole play there is absolutely no sentiment, no pandering to the kind of thing dubbed by Arnold Bennett "what the public wants." It is as if the author had never thought of a public, but just written about types that he knew as cleanly and truthfully as he could. True, the astonishing acting of these Irish players is an enormous asset for a writer—the performance of Sarah Allgood as the miserly old woman is a notable creation—but this play can be read just as well, and compared, say, with the theatricality of a Bernstein, it is the exact difference between art and artificiality. In fact, this is the work we are waiting for. The Abbey Theatre of Yeats and Lady Gregory must now be pronounced to be not only the most interesting, but the best theatrical model in these islands, the source to which, if ever our London stage is to grow up, we shall have to go back to school for inspiration. In the word was the beginning—their players have the word; they have the harmony and soul of art. From our point of view it is a thousand pities they cannot be permanently established in London. For they set a standard; they act plays, as against our entertainments; their method is unity of effect as opposed to our footlight star and box-office system.

It is argued that they are genre artists, as that the plays are folk-lore plays, and in a sense that is true enough. Arthur Sinclair might fail as Falstaff, though I doubt it; Fred O'Donovan is obviously not quite the picture hero of the cinema or of the Lyceum. But then neither of those

places are concerned with art. Most good things have sprung from hempen beginnings, from the soil. And here we have a simplicity that is sheer greatness. We have life. We have colour and atmosphere that are as natural as the garishness of musical comedy is artificial.

What Yeats has done for the English-speaking theatre in Ireland, it is time some of us attempted in London. The Abbey Theatre is an example of what the stage can be. And probably we shall have to go back, too, to the rude elements of art if we are to fashion anything at all approaching it; to recover the inspiration of the drama that was once the noblest thing in England, and to achieve that symmetry and form of expression that delight, and (I am overjoyed to see it) now fill the Court Theatre on a hot night in July. S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

ESSAIS ET PORTRAITS. Par J. E. BLANCHE. Paris, Dorbon-Ainé. 7.50 fr.

Mr. Blanche says in the preface to his book of studies, "*En somme, je n'aperçois aucune raison valable—si ce n'est l'habitude et la convention—pour qu'un peintre n'écrive pas sur la peinture, comme les musiciens et les auteurs dramatiques, sur leur art.*" There is certainly none in Mr. Blanche's case. These essays are mostly the overflow of the most intense and uncanny interest in his subjects, and of the rarest and most penetrating comprehension. In fact, it is doubtful if we have not in this all-too-exiguous handful of leaves the most important and illuminating critical utterances of the day on modern painting. The masters dealt with are Fantin-Latour, Forain, Whistler, Watts, Conder, Beardsley, and Manet. The exceptional opportunities of observation which the author has enjoyed would alone have justified the publication of some lines in the nature of a record. But when, added to this, the observer happens to be one of the acutest and most judicial intellects, with a constructive knowledge of the art he is criticising, it will easily be understood that we are in the presence of an exceptionally important book. Mr. Blanche's knowledge of Manet goes back to the last generation, to the time when he quotes the old lady who was a friend of Manet's mother. "*Il est bien gentil garçon, Edouard; mais ce qu'il fait est si commun; c'est pénible pour une femme comme Madame Manet.*" Or Madame Manet, mère, herself. "*Pourtant, il a copié la Vièrge au Lapin, de Tintoret, vous viendrez voir cela chez moi, c'est bien copié; il pourrait peindre autrement; seulement, il a un entourage! . . .*" The author himself says: "*C'est par son fort métier que Manet aurait dû influer sur ses contemporains.*"

The study of Fantin-Latour is a powerful piece of work of great completeness. Fantin's composite *bagage*—the flower-paintings, the portraits, the fanciful subjects in oils, and in lithography—calls for just such exhaustive and well-informed treatment. The biography may be summed up in these three lines: "*C'est là que Fantin, pendant plus de trente ans, chaque jour, prépara ses couleurs, lava ses pinceaux, balaya le plancher et fit son œuvre.*" There is a whole philosophy of portrait-painting in Mr. Blanche's analysis of Fantin's portraiture. It is interesting to note that the author prophesies a great revival of appreciation for the portraits of Bonnat: "*Sortes d'instantanés, pour la déformation cocasse du dessin, victoires de cet observateur parfois cruel, outrancier, dont la matière, souvent pareille à celle de Ricard, s'émaille, à la longue.*"

The chapters on Forain touch on a difficult decade of French history with illumination and tact. The articles on Conder and Beardsley are appreciative and affectionate. Of Whistler we get a sane estimate and a useful reminder that Whistler's transformations into a dark key are in no way more artificial than those of Manet into a light one. Incidentally, we may remind Mr. Blanche that the price of the Whistler nocturnes in the first Grosvenor was fifty guineas, not five thousand guineas. The article on Watts alone is perfunctory, and appears so unconvincing as to suggest that it is unconvinced.

Mr. Blanche says: "*Je me suis imposé de ne parler que des disparus.*" We learn on credible authority that certain surviving colleagues are hastening to put themselves under the treatment of Dr. Metchnikoff.

NATURE IN ITALIAN ART. By EMMA GURNEY SALTER, M.A. Adam & Charles Black. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

In these pages Miss Salter has given us a conscientious and sympathetic study of landscape backgrounds from Giotto to Tintoretto. Back-

grounds, mere backgrounds! Yes; but there is something to be read out of them; they are not only æsthetic, but social documents, recording the stages whereby man, from looking askance at his natural environment, gradually became familiar and even intimate with it. You may trace the same growth of the feeling for nature with the poets; here the evolution is still more palpable. Symbolic or conventional with the primitives, she grew to be formal, and through formalism reached her final expression of veracity. Truthful she now was, but ever in full dress and "in her proper place"—that is, subordinate to human interests; for nature in her wanton moods, nature the destroyer, is a conception repugnant to the anthropocentric Latin mind.

What could be touched with the hand, as it were, was affectionately copied first—the flowers and birds and domestic beasts. Then, eyes roving further afield, more independent, remote and aggressive aspects of the surroundings claimed attention—clouds, living waters, mountains. How these things came about, and how the painters of the various schools reflect in their works the influence of local scenery or early associations—this and much else will be found judiciously set forth in the material before us, the mere collation of which must have been something of a *tour de force*.

The work contains a bibliography, two indices, and some fifty illustrations; these latter, unfortunately, are not always placed opposite the text they are meant to elucidate. And for our own part, we would have liked a few more generalisations and a fuller summing-up at the end of each period of its salient characteristics. Unlike many authors, Miss Salter possesses the required qualifications for such a task—knowledge of detail, independent judgment, and restraint. She *can* generalise, and yet never loses sight of the point at issue.

We are left at the high-water mark—the breathings of mystery and solemnity in Tintoretto; there, where Bassano holds out a hand to the Dutch masters. Such was the programme. Yet many of us would have relished a few more pages, a pregnant postscript on the lines of her lucid and all-too-brief preliminary chapter, tracing the pictorial rendering of nature down to our days. One likes to watch the movement of a curve, and perhaps the authoress would have helped us to decide whether it is the commercial and cynical spirit of our times, or the reaction from the ultra-romanticism of Salvator Rosa, or the undeniable deterioration of scenery in the peninsula, which has produced so many of the curiosities known as modern Italian art. Meanwhile, we will be content with what she has given us: a book on a fascinating theme, the fruit of loving and discriminate research.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE. By FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE. Translated by by ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI. Heinemann. 15*s*. net.

This chronicle of the first part of Nietzsche's life has all the excellences and many of the defects of a biography written by a sister. For while Frau Förster-Nietzsche, who was not only the sister, but the lifelong comrade of the philosopher, is naturally in possession of the most complete and authoritative information, her very sympathy is apt at times to disqualify her from taking the more impartial attitude of the true biographer, and her strong pride of family not infrequently mars her sense of proportion. Thus space, which might more profitably have been spent in quotations from Nietzsche's own works, or in more numerous and less lengthy quotations from his letters, is devoted to a description of the tobogganing of Nietzsche's mother, some amateur theatricals organised by the young Nietzsches and their friends, the teething convulsions of little Joseph, the exceedingly painful gastric troubles of Aunt Augusta, and the spiritual crisis experienced by the authoress herself.

Nevertheless, though the book does not possess any outstanding

literary merit, and shows a slight tendency to lean on quotations from other writers, it is quite competent and instructive. The period covered is that from 1844 to 1878, which embraces Nietzsche's childhood, school-days, and university career, professorial work at Bâle, and friendship with Richard Wagner. The salient characteristic of Nietzsche as a boy would appear to have been his implicit seriousness, which was abnormal even for a German. Thus when all his comrades are running to escape from a shower of rain, he walks slowly home and arrives drenched. When interrogated, this juvenile devotee of an almost super-Teuton disciplinarianism remarks, naïvely: "But, Mama, in the rules of the school it is written: on leaving school, boys are forbidden to jump and run about in the street, but must walk quietly and decorously to their homes."

The religious element was also strongly marked; one traces in the devout infant who thought of going into the Church and who would affect his school friends almost to the point of tears by his biblical recitations, the subsequent prophet who was to found the creed of Zarathustra.

Nietzsche's school years, moreover, are remarkable, not only by the intensity and multifariousness of his studies, but by the mature power exhibited, both by the essays which he composed for the literary club Germania, and by the serious autobiography which he wrote for his own personal edification.

At Bonn he endeavoured to ape the "blood," but his austere chastity, his abomination of beer and tobacco, and his consciousness of his mission, proved quite inharmonious with the boisterous routine of orthodox German jollity. He migrated to Leipzic, where he mixed in more intellectual and congenial circles, and became a fervent adherent of what was to a large extent his own subjective reading of Schopenhauer's philosophy.

With Nietzsche's acceptance of a classical professorship at Bâle start the halcyon days of that friendship with the Wagners, the chief happiness in his life, which he was subsequently himself to break, not by reason of any personal quarrel, but simply because he found himself more and more in disagreement with Richard Wagner's interpretation of the universe. The real explanation lies in the fact that double threads ran through the temperaments of both Wagner and Nietzsche. Thus *Siegfried*, which deals with the triumph of an audacious youth over a jaded god, is in harmony with the drastic, aggressive, militant mood of official Nietzscheanism. Conversely the occasional and sneaking predilection for Christianity, which Nietzsche confessed to his friends the Overbecks, and his genuine emotional response to the ecstatic renunciation of *Tristan and Isolde* prove that he was not so completely removed from the Christian standpoint as he would fain have his readers believe. After *Siegfried*, however, Wagner became more and more Christian, Nietzsche more and more individualistic. Hence the rupture.

There is some new matter in this volume, which, in the exercise of her discretion, the authoress omitted from her earlier German biography. The most interesting is the proposal by letter to "a young Dutch girl, Fräulein Tr., a charming girl, who really aspired to good and lofty things, and who found the epitome of her life's philosophy in Longfellow's *Excelsior*."

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS, AND OTHER STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS. By VERNON LEE and C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON. John Lane. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

With all the respect due to "Vernon Lee" (and Miss Anstruther-Thomson), it may be remarked at the outset that this book betrays all

the untidiness of a great mind. The more "artistic" you are, the more execrably you dress; the more you appreciate the beauty and harmony of works of art, the less capable you are of insisting that your own work shall be worthy of your own standards. This is a bewildering book, in some ways an irritating book: even the analytical index only holds it together as with a safety-pin. The first essay, *Anthropomorphic Æsthetics*, was apparently written before 1907. The second is translated from the French, 1907. The third, *The Central Problem of Æsthetics*, was published in 1910. The fourth, *Beauty and Ugliness*, was published in the *Contemporary Review* in 1897, and has now a prefatory note (1910) and numerous footnotes pointing out the errors in it (1911). The fifth, *Æsthetic Responsiveness*, consists of extracts from "Vernon Lee's" Gallery Diaries 1901–1904; and the *Conclusion* was written in 1911. The index is undated.

But that one reader should be conscious of a certain *malaise*, as his eye is diverted from the large type of the essays to the small type of the footnotes and then whisked back again, to be plunged into a quagmire of italics, as his mind broods agitatedly upon the evolution of æsthetic problems, does not imply that other readers will feel the same; any more than the fact that Miss Anstruther-Thomson on seeing the Venus of Milo says: "She moves like a sailing yacht," and is conscious that her balance "slews a little to the left and right, following the lines of the inclination of her (the Venus's) body," shows that other folk derive their pleasure in this way from the contemplation of the statue. The main theory of Empathy carries conviction; the subtleties and distinctions which form a large part of this book are merely the refinements of highly specialised minds concentrated upon that main theory. Miss Anstruther-Thomson has trained her introspective faculty to such a pitch that she can simultaneously enjoy standing in a Gothic church, for instance, and note (and subsequently recall) the precise physical effect of that enjoyment upon herself; or, rather—for the collaborators are great on verbal distinctions—she can note the physical and psychological phenomena which accompany, whether as cause or effect, the sensation of pleasure. For instance, to quote at random from Miss Anstruther-Thomson (p. 196):

"The problem of how the weight carried by the top of the arch is counteracted by charging the spandrils, is one of which our sensations do not intuitively make us aware; indeed if they did we should dislike it very much. But we feel pleasant interest in the thrust of the two sides of the arch, in their mutual pressure, which keeps them both in position over the centre of gravity, because we feel that in this case the construction is doing something which we, standing on our two feet, can also do pleasantly. We therefore want to have this part of the construction made visible, and in so far find pointed arches more comfortable than round ones, because the point, however slight, shows that the arch is made of two separate halves which press against each other, a pressure of each half which we follow by pressing our foot down on that side, with a light swing of the equilibrium, and by an inspiration of that side of the chest, making the reverse movements for the other half, and obtaining, through these opposing movements, the realisation of the movements of the arch's lines."

"Vernon Lee," on the other hand, is haunted by tunes which suit or do not suit the pictures which she contemplates. She writes, for instance, of Titian's *Flora*. "I try to go in by pleasure—tactile, thermic—at her flesh and skin, and the vague likeness to a friend I am very fond of. I get to like her—the silky fur quality of her hair, and her brows. I wish her eyes were deeper, and am annoyed by lack of modelling of her cheeks. The insufficiency of her *humanity* seems to bore me. It isn't enough to be such an animal or fruit. But there is an interesting synthesis of form and subject; specially of the sense of bodily cleanness, soundness and healthy fresh warmth. Yet I do not feel any particular desire to touch or squeeze her; she is still a picture, a goddess, not a cat or baby. . . . The trivial tune has subsided. If I keep it up, I have to slacken it greatly. This is the day of trivial tunes—a Spanish one comes up. She looks calmly, decidedly *away* from it. The lullaby of the Christmas Oratorio which I, casting about, revive, seems to help me, to make me see her more as a whole, *circularly*, to get depth of glance, not

to think about softness or warmth, etc. She seems to get a soul. Though, wretchedly cold, I am beginning to be interested and pleased."

These extracts will serve to give the quality of the book, though they hardly suggest the close thinking which underlies the composition of the essays. There is a nimble femininity in them, combined with a good-humoured courage which somehow freezes the smile of derision upon a reviewer's lips. We have in "Vernon Lee" an English writer with a European reputation as an æsthetician; and in this volume—grumble as we may at its "form"—we have an immense mass of materials and hints for employing them—invaluable to the student of æsthetics, highly interesting to the artist, and not without appeal to the lay mind.

Formal-dynamic Empathy is a central hypothesis of æsthetics; but it does not, of course, cover the field of artistic phenomena. The eye, following empathically the lines of a pattern, for instance, suffers no check: pleasure is induced thereby; the empathy is, so to speak, frictionless. The singer has for centuries learned to hold his tone, the artist, the sculptor, the architect, the writer, have learned to aim at harmony, balance, sustained tonality. Science is now explaining why this is so, to what ultimate laws of vitality art must adapt itself, and has, in fact, always adapted itself. Æstheticians such as "Vernon Lee" and Miss Anstruther-Thomson are working with patience and admirable enthusiasm in the heart of a maze which is barely visible to those of us who are only on the fringe, peeping over the hedges. And no one can be more conscious than they are of the immense tracts of ground which, though close at hand, are still untouched.

ALSO AND PERHAPS. By SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

Though the author is not a "literary gent," he writes interestingly, and in his case the man is the style. In this volume he has compiled a motley of tales, studies, impressions, essays—philosophic, critical, humorous, and otherwise—with a pleasing humour and all-round knowledge of life that disarm criticism, for they have the quality of interesting, which to-day is rather a rare one. One strays from the one to the other, and always there is something which arrests attention, a certain mysticism perhaps which seems to lie underneath. The best is the first study, "First and Last Love," in which the author displays a depth of feeling and power of observation which lead one to wish to know the author. He takes us into a little corner of his soul, as it were. "Not to understand, that is almost everything." It is not that of the French dictum, but there is truth in it. And it leads to the confession of the author in real love which in these days is also somewhat of a surprise. This little baring of conviction endears us right away to the writer, though there is no sentiment in the book, and there are otherwise no sensations or egotistical disclosures. We pass on to quaint fancies, to studies of Malay life, to strange stories, to descriptions of scenery, to all kinds of jottings of an observant mind which amuse and hold one, chiefly because the impression is always present that the author himself is an interesting man who has been interested in humanity at large, and that not as a novelist seeking copy, but rather as a sympathetic human being who has played his part too in the great game. The note of detachment is softened by an urbanity of observation which puts the reader at ease, so that he finds himself almost listening, as it were, to an admirable raconteur talking quietly about life. Plainly, Sir Frank has found life interesting. He makes it so to his readers.

ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1880–1905. By J. M. KENNEDY. Stephen Swift & Co., Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Kennedy's book is one that we could well have dispensed with. He has really very little to say of any interest, and he says it rather drearily. As far as one can gather, Mr. Kennedy considers himself a critic of the most modern and advanced type, but this is a complete delusion. He discusses literature as though he were a rather daring Victorian of the '90's. However, it is Mr. Kennedy's omissions rather

than his method which particularly astonish us. Fancy, in a work such as this, seriously considering Mr. W. L. Courtney and Fiona Macleod and not even mentioning Mr. Conrad or Mr. Hudson! How unspeakably absurd! And really we might have been spared some of these rhapsodies on Mr. Max Beerbohm and Co. and have heard, instead, a little about more of the men who do count. There are, it is true, whole chapters devoted to Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and George Gissing respectively, and there are three other chapters devoted to the lesser lights—Lionel Johnson, Henry Harland, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, W. B. Yeats, Francis Thompson, &c., &c., but quite half of the biggest names of this period are not dealt with at all. For instance, in writing of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Kennedy has the following sentence: "The most important of Mr. Yeats's associates was, of course, Mr. George Moore." Indeed! Some people may be inclined to ask, "What of Synge?" but it will be in vain—Synge does not appear in the index! And, while we are at it, where are Stevenson and Henry James? Mr. Kennedy should really study his period rather more fully. Of course, it is likely enough that he is omitting such names as Conrad, Synge, &c., on some theory or other (just as he purposely omits the name of Kipling), but we cannot help thinking it must be a very perverse theory. And, apart from all these objections, the book itself is dull reading. It may be sound from its own point of view, but it is not an exhilarating point of view, and Mr. Kennedy is far from being an exhilarating expounder of it.

FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Dent. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Judging by the constant appearance of volumes of anecdotal history, we may assume that such works attract readers, although those readers can hardly be drawn from the austere and comparatively circumscribed ranks of the serious historian. But there is no reason why books of the kind should not be so skilfully and so intelligently planned as to invite the latter to their feast. That, however, is seldom the case; the idea impelling their authorship seems to be, in most instances, merely shallow and commercial. It is good, therefore, to be able to welcome a book of the kind which is above the average. Mr. A. St. John Adcock is no mere journeyman in the craft of letters, and his book shows marks of his skill on every page. Many authors have written of famous London houses, until the subject has become trite and threadbare; it is platitudinous enough to weary the most ingenuous of readers, until one marvels at the temerity of any publishers who take risks in the subject. But Mr. Adcock manages to write of the abiding places of the eminent with freshness and intelligence. He serves us with a *réchauffé* so prettily rewarmed as to give it an originality of its own, with decidedly informing and entertaining qualities. The scope of his domestic topography embraces the history of the metropolis from the days of Shakespeare to the days of Dickens, with incidental references to George du Maurier at Hampstead, Whistler at Chelsea, and other modern personalities. The chapter on "Blake and Flaxman" is a very excellent and useful piece of work, reconstructing, as it does, an obscure but important literary event. And Mr. Adcock is very happy in his dissertations upon Soho, Chelsea, and Hampstead. The book is illustrated with many pleasant but undistinguished drawings by Frederick Adcock, the author's brother.

FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AMERICANS IN PARIS. By JOHN JOSEPH CONWAY. John Lane. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Possibly the subject of this book might have been made interesting by a practised writer with some command of language, some sense of style, some insight into character, or some peculiar turn of mind which would have given a piquancy to the matter. Unfortunately the author has none of these qualities, and he displays that extraordinary childishness of mind still to be found in so many Americans—that quaint *naïveté*

which, since Dickens wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, has never ceased to astound the inhabitants of older countries. One would have hardly thought it possible at this time to write of Benjamin Franklin:—"The man who wrote the following fanciful epitaph was qualified to have fun at his own funeral, and had that quality of soulfulness calculated to make him a favourite with the sprightly sons of France." Mr. Conway exhibits his own style of "soulfulness," again, when he pronounces that the "best and cheapest way of getting a bird's-eye view of Paris" is to take a trip on a steamer on the Seine. Evidences of a singularly poor literary equipment might have counted for little if anything had been made of the matter in hand, but these "footsteps" are singularly dry and dusty. They are merely scraps, tastelessly put together, out of books and letters, and add nothing to our knowledge of Franklin, Jefferson, Monroe, Lafayette, Longfellow, or even Whistler. Such was the poverty of the author's gleanings that he has had to make a liberal use of padding. On the subject of Whistler, for instance, after dipping for some time into Mr. Pennell's "Life of Whistler," he is kind enough to throw in six pages by a Mr. H. Villiers Barnett on Whistler's "rules of art," which have nothing to do with Paris and are not original. We recommend any likely reader of this book to be content with Mrs. John Lane's charming little introduction, which will leave them in a pleasant state of anticipation, in which they will do well to remain.

DEFENSE DE LA POÉSIE FRANÇAISE À L'USAGE DES LECTEURS ANGLAIS. Par Emile Legouis. Constable. 5*s*. net.

These charming critical *causeries*, appearing opportunely at a time when Mr. G. L. Strachey's excellent "Landmarks" are in so many hands, can hardly fail to weaken some of the prejudices which make French poetry "caviare to the general" in England. Was it, perhaps, a little unnecessary for M. Legouis to represent at length the contrast between the world of the French troubadours and that of Anglo-Saxondom? The Anglo-Saxons, judged by the revelation of their art, are really further from us than their conquerors, and the English poetry which we glorify as a rule so complacently above French begins with Chaucer. Why did that precious seed which William brought across the Channel produce here so natural and so luxuriant a growth, while what it produced on the soil native to it was relatively so trim and sapless? This is the question we ask, and perhaps shall continue to ask, in spite of M. Legouis's admirable pages. It will be enough if he persuades some of us not to put the question too confidently unless we can scan an Alexandrine and know the language well enough to hear a French verse with French ears. How rarely can we pretend to any such achievement! At a climax of appreciation of the splendour of French forms, M. Legouis quotes the couplet:—

> Eternel entretien de haine et de pitié,
> Restes du grand Pompée, écoutez sa moitié.

How many English readers can really feel that the weight of the first line here is held up by the second, or that the second half of the second line really sustains the first half? No, the thing is a mystery, and, as M. Legouis tells us, we can only "suspect ourselves in lowliness of heart."

VIEWS AND REVIEWS FROM THE OUTLOOK OF AN ANTHROPOLOGIST. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc. Williams & Norgate. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

Few readers of the literature of the day capable of recognising a good thing when they see it will have missed these essays in their original form as articles in the magazines, &c. Their extraordinary wealth of observation as reflected in an alert and fertile intelligence is, if anything, still more marked in this reissue, for which they have been completely rewritten in a fashion which in no way detracts from their bracing and attractive quality.

The German and Irish problems, treated like all the others from a broad and humane standpoint, occupy nearly half the book, the remainder being devoted to anthropological and racial questions and the preservation of fauna and flora. Those who desire the spread of the English language will thank Sir Harry Johnston for his effective advocacy of a real "spelling" reform that would relieve not only the English people of their present atrocious orthography, but would secure the adoption of an alphabet adequate for the expression of all the languages of the civilised world. It is to be hoped that the illustrations of the necessity of the Lepsius Standard Alphabet which he draws from the Irish and Welsh languages will not bring him into serious trouble with those two branches of the Keltic race for which he expresses such strong sympathy.

AN AMERICAN GLOSSARY. By RICHARD H. THORNTON. Francis & Co. 2 vols. 30s. net.

It would be hard to overrate the value of these volumes to lexicographers, and indeed to all who are interested in the gradual formation and transformation of modern English. This value lies not in the completeness of the work: indeed, no register of a continually changing content can ever be complete: and Mr. Thornton does not profess to help the amateur of colloquial eccentricity to master "the voluminous outpourings of modern slang." "This is an attempt," he says, "to illustrate 'certain Americanisms' only: those, that is, of recognised standing or of special interest." The word "Americanism" is itself vague and difficult to define, but he has included forms of speech now obsolete or provincial in England, which survive in the United States; words and phrases of distinctly American origin; descriptive names of classes of persons, animals, plants, &c., that are distinctly American; words which have assumed a new meaning; and words and phrases of which he has found earlier examples in American than in English writers. It is Mr. Thornton's own research which makes this a standard work. We shudder to think of the heart-withering labour involved in going through the files of American newspapers and magazines half a century old, whence Mr. Thornton has drawn his most interesting quotations. We are very grateful to him for the way he has set out his quotations with dates and references. A characteristic entry gives us in fifteen lines all the material for a history of the word "Possum." First comes a reference to the Oxford English Dictionary for the word without its initial "o" in the seventeenth century. Then we are given a quotation from Beverley's "Virginia" (1705). Next comes the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for May, 1858, telling us that "the 'possum' is in size like unto a wood-chuck, feet like a squirrel, and color like unto a grey squirrel, but a tail long and like a rat's." Finally comes the *New York Evening Post* of January 4th, 1909, with a paragraph about "Harry S. Fisher of Newman, Ga., known as the 'possum king"—note the appearance in 1909 of the apostrophe to denote the omission of the o, which was not there in 1613.

The reader who turns over these pages without any definite object will easily find many words with longer and more curious histories. But a few will be disappointed to find that the word "swank" is not to be found here, and that Mr. Thornton adds nothing to the recent correspondence on the subject in the *Athenaeum*.

FROM THEATRE TO MUSIC-HALL. By W. R. TITTERTON. Stephen Swift & Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Titterton has a Tappertitian manner—he is a Tappertitterton critic. He is very much in earnest, for which we like him; he has said some things, that much needed saying, admirably; at the same time, he is just a little tiresome. Which said, he must be praised for this collection of essays, and they deserve to be widely read. On the legitimate drama it may be doubted whether he has the needful knowledge or experience. Ibsen does not seem to mean much to him. He talks of Ibsen as a provincial; of putting "that disgusting humility into his

plays." That is why we called the author Tappertit. Fancy saying Ibsen was "myopic and cock-eyed"! What does Mr. Tappertit imply? The strength of Ibsen is his fundamental world-appeal to humanity. His sense of tragedy was Sophoclean. No dramatist ever cut deeper or cleaner into the natures of men and women. Time after time one can see his plays—even "provincial" plays such as "The Master Builder," "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabbler." No, absolutely, that won't do. It is cheeky; it is not criticism. Again, Mr. Titterton sees little in the Russian Ballet. Surely, Cleopatra, Igor, Scheherazade are great epic dance dramas! He can imagine much finer harmonics, he says. I wish he would produce them. Most certainly they are the highest expression of choreographic drama known to modern civilisation.

On dancing, Mr. Titterton is at home; he is really good. Most rightly he insists on Isadora Duncan as the great teacher of the new school, as the real inspirer of the art. But on the waltz he seems to stray again. He says in the English ballroom it is a poisonous sweetmeat. I question whether Mr. Titterton frequents the dancing places of London. There is excellent dancing to be seen in London now. After Americans, the modern English dancing man and girl are the best performers in Europe perhaps. Let Mr. Titterton go to the Supper Club one night to see. Then he does not say enough about Spanish dancing—the most graceful in the world and the most exact, though it is a fading art. However, I am not trying to pick holes. On the halls our author is excellent. He has said the best thing that has been said on the cinema. He has said the only true thing that was not said about "The Miracle"—it was a "piece of sacrilege." When writing on dancing and the lighter arts of the stage, he speaks with a spontaneity of grasp and utterance that are delightful. In fine, though we do not agree wholly, we applaud this book and recommend it sincerely.

FICTION

TENTERHOOKS. By ADA LEVERSON. Grant Richards, Ltd. 6*s*.

Dedicated to Robert Ross and armed with a coloured frontispiece somewhat like a Bakst design, *Tenterhooks* introduces us to one Edith who is a really charming study of a "womanly" woman. She is a married heroine with a delightful son who plays echo through the story and is quite an adorable little fellow, always turning up to relieve the picture with a man, called Viney, who is a bit of an enigma, the Platonic friend of the fair lady, Edith. Her husband is the ordinary male. As time goes on, Edith finds him out, and into her life there comes a handsome lawyer with iron-grey locks, a waist, and other virtues, so that the two get dangerously near to the breaking-point. The author, however, is no weaver of melodrama. Just when one thinks the conventional end has come, the husband having run away with a little lady to Australia, Edith astonishes us, and seriously astonishes the handsome lawyer. The novel ends, as life so often does end, apparently nowhere—Mr. Viney turning up one afternoon to have one of his intimate chats.

It is an amusing study, full of little things, of wit and ingenious dialogue—palpitating, let us say, and unusually true to life. In these days of the modern woman the character of Edith stands out as a beautiful thing. Ada Leverson has drawn a type there that is good to think about.

THE NIGHT LAND: A LOVE TALE. By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON. Nash. 6*s*.

If Mr. Hodgson had written *The Night Land* in simple and straightforward English prose, he might have achieved a masterpiece. The story is a good one, and he has considerable skill in the delineation of character and the tracking of human incidents to their emotional sources, but all these are lost in a flood of archaic verbiage which baffles when it

does not bore. It is not as though the novel had not its moments of power, it has; but these in the main are diffused in wordiness, and quite unnecessarily, for the theme could have been treated with proper effect, especially by a writer of such marked powers of sustained idea and expression, in ordinary English prose. None but the exceptional master can use archaic inflexions throughout a novel and maintain the balanced interest of his readers. Meredith, in *The Shaving of Shagpat,* achieved a masterpiece in this medium, but it is his least-read book; Stevenson did the same with *The Master of Ballantrae,* with perhaps a little better popular success, and Blackmore did succeed in making *Lorna Doone* acceptable to novel readers, but there are incidents in the book which compel attention in spite of archaisms. But there is no reason why a modern writer should put sentences together as if he were writing for, say, sixteenth-century readers. Mr. Hodgson has at least put imagination into a novel in an age when imaginative fiction of the sort is almost forgotten.

BRANSTON HEATH. By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. (Dent.) 6*s*.

Mr. Enock's record as a traveller makes it painful to confess the disappointment caused by this rambling and inconclusive argument that it is possible to provide omelets for the million without breaking eggs. The evident object of his story is to call attention to the urgency of land reform, yet the reader's time and patience are wasted on an extravagant and melodramatic plot which hampers rather than helps the exposition of his ideas. A wealthy and travelled Englishman, with a taste for "slumming," one Ceres Martius, who is descended from a favourite centurion of Julius Cæsar, and a daughter of Cassivellaunus, tries to recover by an action at law the Branston Heath estate, wrested from an ancestor by William the Conqueror, and bestowed by him upon an ancestor of the present holder, Lord Bageterre. Before the court has had time to decide this extraordinary lawsuit, Martius, in love with Lady Lucia, Bageterre's daughter, saves that noble from the rope with which he was being hoisted by three Socialists to a branch of the century-old Branston oak. After this mollifying experience and a subsequent illness, the old Lord consents to his daughter's marriage to Martius, and the cession of the Branston estate for the benefit of the squalid industrial town of Little Branston. The association formed to administer the estate serves as the nucleus of a movement which it is hoped to extend to the whole Empire. It apparently aims, *inter alia,* at the retention for British subjects, to the exclusion of "Dutchmen and Dagoes," of the free lands of Canada and Australia. This example is widely followed throughout England by great landowners, to the confusion of Socialists and the satisfaction of *The Times*. Apart from some fairly good sketches of working-class households and conditions, the chief value of the book consists in its naïve revelation of the attitude of the British bourgeois of *The Spectator* type, under the impact of new ideas, and the proof which it furnishes of the growing recognition of the necessity of certain reforms (far more effectively and rationally indicated in *The Great Analysis*) even by minds enslaved by prejudice, sentimentality, and what Mr. Enock ecstatically describes as "the glamour, the romance, the beauty of gentility."

JULIA FRANCE AND HER TIMES. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. John Murray. 6*s*.

Mrs. Atherton betrays the weakness of her thesis—the loathsomeness of most men and the misery of women in having to live with them—by the extreme case she presents. The lot of Julia France, who was taken from a West Indian island in a state of innocence strikingly akin to imbecility and married to a drunken lunatic—is not typical. Besides, the assumption that a husband must be a lunatic in order to be unendurable is too flattering to the male sex. Harold France's insanity gave his wife a positive advantage. She could in the last resort cow him with a revolver. There are hundreds of wives afflicted with quite unbearable

husbands whose sobriety, sanity, and general moral excellence make the use of a revolver seem unjustifiable and even silly. Moreover, there is only one way of treating madness in Art, and that is with awe, as Emily Brontë treated it in *Wuthering Heights*. The tragedy of madness is so great that all others pale beside it. Mrs. Atherton's frivolous description of paranoia infuriates one, as would a brightly written account of the *Titanic* disaster.

It is a truism that the Anglo-Saxons transplanted to America show signs of approximating physically to the Red Indian type. Apparently they have also been infected with the Red Indian adoration for the medicine-man, who can alter Fate and the fabric of souls with an easy spell. Just as their women practise the Delsarte system in the sure and certain hope of physical grace—the most capricious gift of the gods—and seeks salvation by the quaintest spiritual capers in strange religions, so Mrs. Atherton gives her heroine a Mudie's subscription and a course of "suggestions" from a Hindu occultist, and miraculously makes her great. Subsequently she proves her greatness by becoming a Suffragette leader. To all those who have been disappointed by the respectability of the Suffrage movement, Mrs. Atherton's account of it will come as a pure joy. Let us delight in the thought of a Suffragette who began a speech in a West End drawing-room by "remarking with grim humour that she had not been at all worried by the punching and kicking of the police, as her husband had beaten her every Saturday night for ten years. . . . She had enjoyed kicking the policemen back and clawing when she got her chance, as they belonged to that sex which had ruined the lives of two of her girls; one had flung herself into the Thames, the other had come home with her child, shattered in body and mind." It is extraordinary how no one has yet written sensibly and poetically about a movement that has in it elements of both sense and poetry, just as few good poems have ever been written about religion.

Finally, Julia deserts the Suffrage and goes off to war against the corruption of American municipal politics with a Californian person named Daniel Tay. Mrs. Atherton asserts constantly that he "set Julia's brain-cells vibrating," and "roused her primal instincts," but he habitually exclaims "Gee!" and is full of that energy which, when we are watching American cinematograph films or that fearsome musical comedy, *The Pink Lady*, makes us wonder whether the continent across the seas is inhabited by charming but ill-bred maniacs. This national spirit of violence makes the book the source of a painful kind of joy, like an electric shock. When a Suffragette falls in love, "Even her spirited nostrils hang limp." And when she finds Tay flirting with her niece, "Julia, feeling as if she had received a blow in the pit of the stomach, sank limply to the ground." For the rest, the book is richly furnished with magnificent Socialist peers and haughty coronetted geniuses with volcanic love affairs. It is characteristic of the quaint, old-world atmosphere of American art that her most up-to-date author should arrive in her maturity at the style that Ouida wore to tatters forty years ago.

THE UNHOLY ESTATE. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. Hutchinson. 6*s*.

The utility of the novel as a medium for exposing the anomaly of existing laws is to be questioned. In these days a work of fiction that succeeded in bringing home to the public matter requiring serious attention would have to be a very powerful piece of work. Mr. Douglas Sladen has brought into high light the absurdity of our existing divorce laws so far as women are concerned. The denouement, however, lessens the moral he intends to convey. The moral right of a wife to forsake her adulterous, but not legally cruel, husband, divorce or no divorce, may be unquestioned; but that the setting up of a home with a lover brings happiness ever after is seriously to be doubted. The struggles of a wife separated from her husband to maintain herself without immorality would be more in keeping with actuality. Mr. Sladen has, however, given us a well-constructed, readable, and thoroughly interesting novel. The charac-

terisation is well marked, and the descriptive matter reaches a certain level of excellence.

POETRY AND DRAMA

IRISH FOLK-HISTORY PLAYS. By LADY GREGORY. Two Volumes. Putnams. 10s. net.

Lady Gregory divides the six plays that comprise these two volumes of hers into two divisions, the volumes marking the divisions. The first she calls Tragedies, and the second Tragic Comedies. Those who know her inimitable volume of "Seven Short Plays" will no doubt wonder how her Art agrees with the adoption of a tragic mood; and not less how the Art that has tutored itself to the management of the short one-act play will shape when it has to balance the more difficult proportions of the three-act play. We are not of that irritating band of critics who are always demanding that the artist should consider himself bound by some early work, and that he should go on giving us variations of that to the end of time. A thing perfectly wrought is a thing finished with, and is a sign that the artist is ripe to go on to further fields. But yet some of the seven short plays were so perfectly done, and so rich in their human comedy, that we must confess to a sense of disappointment as we read these present two volumes. This is natural, and probably matters little; but it was a closer matter when we felt that, in sharp contrast to the perfect fitness of substance and manner in the earlier book, in these tragedies, and still more in these tragic comedies, Lady Gregory had deliberately to adopt a manner that was not quite natural to her. We have used the word human in description of her comedy, and no one who has seen or read them can fail to understand what precisely we mean; but in these tragedies that is just the attribute we fail to get: the atmosphere is more that of a tradition or cult than one of soul-moving reality. And it is the stuff of humanity that goes to make tragedy great as it makes comedy laughterful.

In spite of this, however, there is something in these volumes that makes us feel that, if Lady Gregory does not happen to have given us plays that are quite happy, she has at least been pioneer in a sufficiently interesting country. With just pride she records that "when my 'White Cockade' was first produced I was pleased to hear that J. M. Synge had said my method had made the writing of historical drama again possible." Now that is praise that is a little invidious, we beg to think. There is, it is unnecessary to say, acute perception in it, nevertheless, for in the large easy music of the sentences that carry the dialogue of these plays it is possible to see the moving of historical personages—if a revival of historical plays, as such, be desirable. But we would not have chosen "The White Cockade" as our example. It seems to us weak in construction, and consequently rather shambling in total effect. We confess that our choice would be "Grania," although it has not yet been thought worthy of dramatic presentation. It is even doubtful if it could satisfactorily be staged, for a three-act play with only three characters would certainly try the attention of an audience. But it is good just where its fellows fail: it leaves a single and orderly impression on the mind.

We do not quite understand why Lady Gregory should have called these "Folk-History Plays." The suggestion in that title is that they are renderings or translations by her of other and earlier plays, whereas they all derive from her in idea as in workmanship. And they are written in the music of that Kiltartan dialogue she has made her own, with reminiscences now and then, it occurred to us, of Synge's somewhat different use of a similar speech. Certainly they are volumes to possess, and to read, these two.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

"AND OTHER VERSE"

THYRZA. A Sonnet-Sequence from a Sanatorium. By J. F. Melrose. 6*d*. net.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND POEMS. By EVELINE YOUNG. Fifield. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE BALLAD OF TWO GREAT CITIES. By HAROLD WILLIAMS. Fifield. 1*s*. net.

SONNETS. By A. PELHAM WEBB. Fifield. 1*s*. net.

THE CAP OF CARE. By JAMES E. PICKERING. Fifield. 3*s*. net.

THE STRUMMINGS OF A LYRE. By F. BONHAM BURR. Fifield. 1*s*. net.

IN MANTLE BLUE. By F. GWYNN EVANS. Mathews. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

CHARMIDES AND OTHER POEMS. By GASCOIGNE MACKIE. Blackwell. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE MASK. By J. REDWOOD ANDERSON. Thornton. 4*s*. net.

"Thyrza" contains only five sonnets; and yet this truly heroic reticence is not its author's chief claim to distinction. J. F. has something to say; and says it straightforwardly. His writing has an air of the austerity of the "grim dwelling, bare and clean and cold," from which his poems are penned. But the coldness is the coldness of steel that has passed through the furnace.

America must look to its laurels. The Poet with a Public, the High-Priestess of the Platitude, has a rival in the field.

> "Laugh, and the world laughs with you:
> Weep, and you weep alone . . ."

sings America (in the person of Mrs. Wilcox), and England (in the person of Miss Eveline Young) nobly responds:

> "So smile away in spite of tears,
> In spite of pain and sorrow,
> And you will find the coming years
> Hold many a bright to-morrow,
> If but in place of frowns and fears
> A smile you try to borrow."

We must add, nevertheless, that, though we have taken the advice in the last line, we have met with no success, so far. After an arduous morning we have been unable to find a smile to fit.

Some of Mr. Williams's rhymes have been printed in the *New Age*. Mr. Webb has written thirty-one sonnets, apparently without ever pausing to wonder why. He is an adept at the game; and manages to fit all the stock conceits and poetical epithets into their proper places. But, why sonnets, when you can buy jig-saws?

Mr. Pickering advises us to

> "skip, or read at will,
> Judiciously."

We have taken his hint.

> "So if ere you should hail
> A diminutive whale,
> And you think it's a snail,
> It is."

sings Mr. Burr, for his reviewer's guidance, evidently. We agree. In the preface to his book Mr. Mackie is careful to inform us that his verse was not written actually at Oxford: but it might just as well have been.

In the third poem in Mr. Evans's book the words "When you walk in the land of dreams" occur three times in each of the six stanzas, which

is rather a cheap way of spinning verse; but, on the whole, Mr. Evans's work, like that of Mr. Webb, is damnably accomplished.

In spite of its hailing from Oxford, Mr. Anderson's volume has more life between its covers. His verse is seldom dull, though too slipshod to be poetry. It lacks essential form. But we are grateful for a poet who can find the stuff of song in the world about him. "Visored" is a memorable sketch.

FAR QUESTS. By CALE YOUNG RICE. Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. $1.25 net. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE SINGING MAN. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY (Mrs. Lionel Marks). Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.

Mr. Cale Young Rice is a great man. We have it on the very best authority—that of his publisher. But let us break the news to our readers in the chaste and dignified words, printed, for the guidance of English critics, on the dust-cover of his latest work.

"That Cale Young Rice is a great poetic dramatist—unequaled in America or England to-day—was generally conceded in the opinions of his last book, *The Immortal Lure,* as may be seen by consulting the rear of this volume. That he is as well a great lyric poet this new volume of profoundly beautiful human visions, ranging with originality and power through the Orient and the Occident, would alone prove. It is literature that will abide." Naturally, we consulted the rear without loss of time, and found it even less reticent; consisting as it does of some seventeen pages of "opinions" which proclaim, as with one voice, Mr. Cale Young Rice to be the Stephen Phillips of America. What is there left for us to say? We can only repeat: Mr. Cale Young Rice is a great poetic dramatist: Mr. Cale Young Rice is a great lyric poet: Mr. Cale Young Rice is the Stephen Phillips of America. Still, we cannot quite reconcile these assertions somehow. Let us try them the other way round. Mr. Stephen Phillips is a great poetic dramatist: Mr. Stephen Phillips is a great lyric poet: Mr. Stephen Phillips is the Cale Young Rice of England. Even so, we do not find that the statements quite tally. We must re-consult the rear. Meanwhile, we leave our readers to guess which of the two great lyric poets has spoken of the "mystic maw" of the sea: which wrote this exquisite stanza:—

> "Dead old earth still wrapt in russet,
> Not a sprig of Spring?
> Not a bird yet to discuss it,
> From the South a-wing?
> What if buds should never burgeon
> On your breast again?
> Would it mean God, like a surgeon,
> Cuts you from his ken?"

or this choice verse:—

> "I was suckled for more than to fling
> The blood of my heart on a palette.
> I was given the eye of a God
> For more than a picture's worth.
> I have felt the ineffable sting
> Of Life—tho' I be Art's valet.
> I have painted the cloud—or the clod,
> Who should have possessed the earth."

or this naughty, naughty "Song of a Drunken Pirate":—

> "Dead men, get ye away, away!
> Pass Hell's bottle, my mates, a dram!
> Set all sail till the Judgment Day,
> Then go down with a damn! Hoh!
> Down, to Doom, with a damn!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Now we have it! A great poetic dramatist: a great lyric poet: the Stephen Phillips of America: Set all sail till the Judgment Day: Then go down with a damn! Hoh! Down to Doom with a Damn! An absolutely conclusive and convincing argument, which we should recommend the publishers to print on the dust-cover of the second edition of *Far Quests,* in place of the present too-ambiguous advertisement. And yet, we find *The Singing Man* more interesting. Mrs. Marks is not acclaimed as the Stephen Phillips of America: but she is trying her best to be a poet of America. Though still hampered by the singing-robes of European Culture (second-hand), which the true American poet ever has to parade, and though her speech is still too vaguely "poetical," there are hints of the real stuff in her book. When she has quite made up her mind what she wants to say, and can say it straightforwardly, we should be able to listen to her with even more pleasure. As it is, the spirit of her work appeals to us strongly: though at present she talks about things rather than realises them for us: she describes, where she should present.

These two books set us considering once more the futility of most American verse: and wondering yet again why it is that American poets will not (in the words of Emerson), with sufficient plainness or sufficient profoundness, address themselves to life, or dare to chant their own times and social circumstances. Why must they always wear European spectacles? They are, indeed, Stephen Phillipses of America: connoisseurs rather than creators, accomplished craftsmen rather than artists—"art's valets," in the words of their great lyric poet, Cale Young Rice.

MORTADELLO, OR THE ANGEL OF VENICE. A Comedy. By ALEISTER CROWLEY. Wieland & Co. 10*s.* net.

THE HIGH HISTORY OF THE GOOD SIR PALAMEDES. By ALEISTER CROWLEY. Wieland & Co. 5*s.* net.

Mr. Crowley is an elvish and wayward mortal—if mortal he be. But is he? For our part, we refuse to be dragged into a public discussion of delicate family matters; suffice to say that his genius, be its origin celestial or infernal, is considerably to our liking; he can write angelic poetry and devilish good prose, a cloud of exotic scholarship trailing over the whole, and suffused, every now and then, by lightning-like gleams of mirth and snappiness.

Quite a phenomenon, too, in the way of common sense, when the fit is on him.

But Mortadello was spoilt, for all that. No wonder. The brandies at the Café Riche are responsible for more than one disaster. And then —why, why those Truffles? That was tempting papa Beelzebub.

As to the good Sir Palamede, it makes the heart bleed to reflect that he might have learnt more in three minutes' conversation with Mr. Crowley than in all those wanderings.

> "To buss the wenches, pass the pot,
> Is now the enviable lot
> Of Palamede the Saracen!"

There you are! The intellectual life in a nutshell. And only think of all the pairs of sandals the old enthusiast wore out ere attaining that blissful state. So do many of us, more's the pity.

PHILISTIA AND A SOUL. A Wonder Book. By A. E. Knight. Macmillan. 6*s.* net.

"It is chiefly on religious and ethical grounds that the work must be judged," Mr. Knight writes in his Preface to this curious book. If so, why, then, we ask, should he have gone to all the trouble of writing it in verse? His earnestness cannot be questioned, and we have some sympathy with the cause of it; but it is rather more than one can say of his sense of interest. On the strict proper merits of the thing he wishes

to say he has chosen the worst possible way of saying it, and on the strict proper merits of Poetry he has insulted it by making it bear his pedagogic and polemical burdens.

He takes his "Soul" at the outset in the full glory of militant faith, plunges him into cynicism through a love affair (when the girl really, it appears, loved him all the time), takes him through other trying episodes that are not the more tragic because they are rather obviously stage-rigged, and carries him back to faith in the end of all, after having discussed by the way in not very elevated blank verse Agnosticism, Rationalism, Darwinism, the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament, and a few other like matters, that make us feel, as we read them, that we have suddenly been transported back into the stuffy air of the latter end of the nineteenth century. It is a little like being surrounded by museum cases; and there is more than the suggestion of a derivation from "In Memoriam."

This is the more the pity, as some of the lyrics with which Mr. Knight intersperses his book have a quiet, if not very stirring, felicity. And sometimes his blank verse has a line or so of felicity. But of the book itself there can be no doubt. It is not poetry; nor is it religious or ethical: it is a mistake.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POETRY. Selected and Translated by JETHRO BITHELL. Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 1s. net.

Though it may be urged that such persons as are capable of appreciating modern French poetry are capable of reading it in the original, this pocket volume serves a useful function in that it introduces the English reader to about forty French poets, many of whom are little if at all known in this country, and supplies a compact bibliography of their works. Mr. Bithell also regales us with an introduction concerning the schools and lives of the various authors whom he has culled for his anthology, an introduction written with a chatty and naif enthusiasm which is occasionally refreshing, and with an affectation of simple humour which is occasionally successful. Such a passage, however, as "Probably Jean de Gourmont goes too far when he says that *all* true poetry is sensual and even sexual. That is not true of English poetry: English poets have found it possible to write with their brains, and not with their genitals," is simply a perfect instance of crass Philistinism trying to be daring. The versions themselves are unequal. At times they effectively realise the true translator's ambition of suggesting the uncaptured beauty of an elusive original; at times they are frankly and deliberately bad. Such rhymes as "fails me" and "ails thee," "to me" and "truly," "tulips" and "exist," "expect thee" and "reflect me," and such a line as "your ample bosom and your fleshy limbs," are inexcusable even in an anthologist.

The quality and the quantity of the poets themselves, who easily outnumber all their English competitors of any authentic value, attest to the successful seriousness with which the poetic art is cultivated in France. Speaking broadly and allowing for various nuances and sub-schools, the dominant note in all that is vital in modern French poetry is Symbolism, which simply means the subordination of substance to atmosphere, and the emancipation of the free soul of the actual poem from the academic rules of a tyrannical prosody. Samain, Mallarmé, and Régnier (whose "Man and the Siren" is admirably rendered), are of course, already names with which to conjure a little. Less known but almost equally important are Arthur Rimbaud, the companion of Verlaine, Francis Jammes, the singer of bucolic Catholicism, Gustave Kahn, a Jew who claims, with some plausibility, to have invented free verse, André Spiri, another Jew, with his delicate Nietzscheanism, Paul Fort, the founder of *Vers et Prose*, Jules Laforgue, an Ariel with a sense of the cosmic, and Stuart Merril, an American with his refined and Maeterlinckian sensuousness. Among the younger poets we would mention in particular the brilliant cynicism of Pierre Lièvre and the cosmic exaltation

of the "Abbaye" group which includes such writers as René Arcos, Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, and Charles Vidrac.

If English readers are induced to peruse some of these authors in the original, the merits of our essentially well-meaning anthologist will have more than compensated for his sundry lapses.

POLITICS

THE AWAKENING OF ENGLAND. By F. E. GREEN. Nelson & Sons. 2s. net.

Mr. F. E. Green is an authority on agricultural problems, and his book is timely and interesting. On the whole, his conclusions are optimistic. The awakening of England to the necessity of an agricultural policy has begun, as it has begun in Ireland, in a marked and most satisfactory manner. All the same, there is much to be done. Rural housing, reafforestation, small holdings, scientific farming, the opening up of the land—these are the great questions which can only be solved by a definite and carefully considered agrarian policy such as exists in Germany. Its problems are curiously varied and local. In Scotland there is the emigration evil, the holding up of vast zones of land for pasturage, the question of its economic fertility. There is the matter of land credit banks, of collective farming and trading, the tied cottage trouble, the game preserve hobby of rich people, the general lack of any State directive and the curse of promiscuous charity and patronage which lead to meanness and servility. Mr. Green himself is a sort of modern Cobbett. He has taken peas in the early morning to Covent Garden. He is a reformer who has vowed himself to the soil. In this book he has collected a number of valuable facts and data of conditions and results in a number of rural districts, looking always at the stern, practical side, which form a most interesting compilation both for the expert and the townsman. "Back to the land," is the cry, and no one conversant with life in the country can question the need for some general policy which shall restore the land to the people, re-establish our rural population, and so, both economically and physically, protect the welfare of England. The book is charmingly written. Not being technical, it explains the requirements to all. It is to be hoped Mr. Lloyd George will read it and take Mr. F. E. Green into his counsel.

LIBERALISM AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE STORY OF THE VETO BATTLE, 1832–1911. By HARRY JONES. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

In this volume Mr. Harry Jones, who has been in at the deathblow, if not the actual death, of the hereditary House of Lords, as the passage of the Parliament Act will prove to have been, has probably produced the last account of the protracted struggle between Liberalism and the Peers that will be written in our generation. Whatever may be produced on the subject later, when private papers now inaccessible become public, it may be fairly said that his work is so thorough and adequate that it will certainly last our time as a practically complete story of the conflict. Moreover, giving, as it does, the impressions of a keen observer, who has closely followed the later and most dramatic stages of the fight in Parliament, and some brilliant sketches of the champions on both sides, it will in some respects have even greater value for future generations than for those familiar with the personages and the events described. Mr. Jones gives cordial and unstinted praise to the Liberal leader, who "displayed consummate gifts of generalship in the battlefield, high qualities of statesmanship in council, and power and eloquence in the House of Commons," but does not forget Mr. Asquith's lieutenants or his principal opponents: Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Morley and Lord Crewe, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Rosebery. It is not surprising that of these Mr. Lloyd George, who rescued Liberalism from the Slough of Despond, and proved such an undaunted and resourceful leader of the van in the fierce and perilous battle of the Budget, should receive the

most generous meed of praise, but his colleagues, and "our friends the enemy," have also full justice done to them. In a word, a good book, which will always deserve its place upon our shelves.

L'EVOLUTION INDUSTRIELLE ET AGRICOLE DEPUIS CENT CINQUANTE ANS. Par GEORGES RENARD et ALBERT DULAC. Paris, Félix Alcan. 5 francs.

This work, the second of a series of twelve volumes devoted to the "Histoire universelle du travail," strikingly illustrates the modern idea that the true task of history is to record the progress of civilisation rather than to furnish romantic variations on the interruptions of that progress by "the red-coat bully in his boots who hides the march of men from us." Thackeray, when he wrote that line during the burst of enthusiasm excited by the first exhibition in Hyde Park, would certainly have rejoiced in this story of industrial and agricultural development throughout the world, for, although chockfull of facts, it is crisply and vividly written with a keen eye to what the Americans call the "human interest." It covers the whole planet with all its productive activities during a period which Professor Renard truly says exceeded in intensity and effect the labours of the fifteen preceding centuries. Its *documentation* is surprisingly full for its narrow limits (458 pages), and with the help of a good working bibliography at the end of each chapter it forms a useful introduction to the subjects dealt with for those who wish for fuller information. There is scarcely a burning question of the day, from home work and sweating to small holdings and land nationalisation, that is not touched upon in one or other of the two sections, industry and agriculture, into which Professor Renard, of the Collège de France, and M. Albert Dulac, well known in England for his excellent and stimulating *Agriculture et libre-échange dans le Royaume-Uni*, have divided their task. It is a sign of the times that agriculture should be allowed almost as much space as industry, showing the growing interest in the subject, and recalling the moment about the middle of the eighteenth century when, Voltaire tells us, "la nation rassasiée des vers . . . et de disputes théologiques sur la grace et sur les convulsions, se mit enfin à raisonner sur les blés." M. Dulac does full justice to his theme from the technical as well as the social and economic standpoint, thus giving it an interest equal to that of the more varied story told by Professor Renard.

THE NEW IRISH CONSTITUTION. AN EXPOSITION AND SOME ARGUMENTS. Edited on behalf of the Eighty Club by J. H. MORGAN, M.A., Professor of Constitutional Law at University College, London. Hodder & Stoughton, 1912. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

This symposium, ably presided over by Professor Morgan, comprises distinguished British and Irish, Protestant, Nonconformist and Catholic, Home Rule and ex-Unionist politicians, publicists, and ecclesiastics, who adequately represent all shades of Liberal opinion now supporting the Government scheme of Home Rule. Professor Morgan deserves the thanks of the public for having secured, to use his own words, "a sober and dispassionate study of the new order of Government by writers who can speak with the authority of a life's vocation." This study covers the whole field, dealing not merely with the "new constitution" itself, but with the history of which it is the necessary consequence, and contemporary views as to its effects. In his introductory chapter analysing and commenting upon the Bill, Professor Morgan sweeps aside a number of confusing fallacies as to the real character of the Government measure, insisting that it is the foundation of a system of devolution, which may afterwards be extended to Scotland and England, if considered desirable, rather than federalism. Indeed, he admits that the Bill does easily fit into any of the judicial categories, but leaves us with the consoling reflection that even such successful examples of federal constitutions as the Canadian and German have tempted jurists into much inconclusive wrangling as to their precise legal character, without unfavourably affecting their prac-

tical operation. In his opinion the hegemony of Prussia in the German Empire disposes of the argument that a federal union is impossible in the United Kingdom owing to the preponderance of England. Lord Dunraven shows, in his historical contribution, how far Conservative and Unionist statesmen, such as Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, the late Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had accepted the principle of devolution—practically as now incorporated in the Government measure—and expresses surprise and regret that this great question should not be settled in the one satisfactory and permanent way—namely, by consent of both the great parties. But, unfortunately, as another distinguished contributor, Lord Welby, points out, the party which rejected Home Rule in 1886, although they were sixteen years in office out of the quarter of a century that has since elapsed, contented themselves with a policy of bribes and doles imposing a heavy burden on the British taxpayer, and have nothing more promising to offer now than an indefinite continuance of that policy.

From a practical point of view probably the most valuable chapters of the whole work are those by Lord MacDonnell on the administrative changes in Irish Government that would be necessitated by the Bill, a practically complete scheme, Sir Frederick Pollock's article on the work of the Judicial Committee and the interpretation of the new constitution, Lord Welby's on the financial problem, Sir John Macdonell's on the constitutional limitations of the powers of the Irish legislature, and Sir Alfred Mond's account of Colonial forms of Home Rule, to which he added (writing before the contents of the Bill were known) his own view of the lines on which it should be drawn. In presence of Hungarian experience Sir Alfred declined to believe that the "in and out" system of Irish representation at Westminster was as difficult as had been imagined. He strongly opposed the idea of an independent Customs system, and deprecated independent factory legislation which would deprive the Irish industrial worker of the benefit of international conventions. Considering the Canadian constitution and the relations between the central and State legislatures in that country to be the best model, he has given full particulars of it. Following the Colonial precedent, he holds that the interpretation of the powers of the new Irish Parliament should in the last resort rest in an appeal to the Privy Council. The chapters by four Irish clergymen, Protestant, Nonconformist, and Catholic, ought effectively to dispel the fear of religious intolerance under Home Rule. Lord MacDonnell, himself a Catholic Irishman, while expressly declaring that he entertains no such fear, would, in order to allay the apprehensions of Unionists, withhold judicial patronage from the Irish legislature for a transition period of seven or ten years, and would think it good policy to abstain from every transfer of authority from the Lord-Lieutenant to which the Irish minority may at the outset reasonably object. He also favours proportional representation as a means of mitigating political mistrust and promoting efficiency in the public service, and warns against any limitation of candidature for posts in the Irish Civil Service to Irish-born subjects of the Crown.

A study of this volume is as well calculated to dissipate prejudice and apprehension among honest opponents as it is to strengthen the conviction of those who hold that the Liberal policy of all-round self-government is, perhaps, the greatest and most beneficent development of British political thought.

CHANGE IN THE VILLAGE. By GEORGE BOURNE. Duckworth. 5s.

THE ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL LABOURER. By the Rev. A. H. BAVERSTOCK, with an Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. Fifield. 1s. net.

Like Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Bourne regards the act of enclosing common lands as the deed which "knocked the keystone out of the arch" of our peasant civilisation. How this was done by a House of landowners we have already seen in *The Village Labourer*, as written by the Hammonds.

Now comes Mr. Bourne to view the effect of it by a close observation of the dispossessed wage-earning class in his own village. In Bettesworth and his village he has found his microcosm of Empire. After much diligent quarrying amid the human wreckage he finds much ignorance and more suspicion, but also a great deal more inherent goodness and even intelligence. He has tried to understand the peasant point of view, even, for instance, to the extent of inquiring why the country labourer invariably prefers the coarse, bullying farmer to the refined "sympathetic" villa resident; and if you want to know the answer you must get Mr. Bourne's book and read it there. Perhaps Mr. Bourne has read the peasant mind as well as any man can who had the blinkers of class prejudice placed over his eyes. Certainly he has travelled far since he wrote *Bettesworth*. Bourgeois conceptions of "education," of "village entertainment," and "thrift" superimposed upon the members of a community who have drifted into regarding themselves as outlaws come under his searching scrutiny. The country labourer, as Mr. Bourne observes, has little sense of social injustice. Only in the older peasants lives the bitter knowledge that the common land was once theirs. The younger generation hears of it only at school as an interesting phase in rural development—if they hear of it at all. To one and all the State is the alien power which places the constable in the village to watch *them*; which sends the School Attendance Officer to pounce upon *their* children; and the Sanitary Inspector to nose around their pigsties in the interest of a class which drives about in carriages. The candidate for Parliament is merely a "gentleman" who has money to spend, and is one who "makes no odds to the likes of we." And the pity of it all is, Hodge is not vocal. Not even in the House of Commons, where sit several members of peasant stock, is his voice ever heard; and yet he belongs to our largest industrial class. Mr. Bourne's last chapter on "The Forward Movement" is the least convincing. We can hardly look to the Church or the Halfpenny Press as two of the creative forces to rebuild the new edifice of peasant life. But the keystone of the arch, we think, might be found in the restoration of the land to the people and in educating labourers to become, not teachers or "superior" persons, but expert tillers of the soil. It is in this way that Denmark has reared a thriving peasantry out of what was apparently a hopeless, thoughtless proletariat.

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